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JEWISH COLONISATION AND THE RUSSIAN PERSECUTION.

I.

I HAVE only recently returned from Russia, after a tour of inspection and investigation in that country, the object of which was to study the capacity of the Russian Jew for agriculture and colonisation, and incidentally to see with my own eyes what the effect has been on the Jewish population of recent events.

In pursuing these studies I have visited the following places :—Moscow, Varoshba, Baromla, Bobrovo, Kieff, Berdicheff, Odessa, Kherson, the agricultural Jewish colonies of Dobrayē, Yeffingar, and Novaia Poltavka, Nicolaieff, Ekaterinoslav, Kremenchug, Homel, Minsk, Wilna.

I had advantages in my journey. M. Pobedonostszeff gave me an autograph letter describing my mission, and the Minister of the Interior wrote to all the Governors. It will be apparent from this that I enjoyed exceptional advantages in learning the official view of the case. I must say that although I found the higher officials frank and courteous, they—with a few exceptions—took their colour from St. Petersburg, and I attach, therefore, more importance to the views of tchinovniks not so highly placed as to come under the direct influence of the Capital.

The Jews also gave me the best credentials, and everywhere I went I met the most respectable Jews, and I also tried to see the worst and the poorest. By this means I not only sifted the Government evidence in the Israelite sieve, but also was able to weigh the

value of the Hebrew evidence in the Government scales. I examined over two hundred witnesses, whose testimony, together with my own careful observations, led me to the following conclusions. During the journey I was accompanied by a Russian Jewish gentleman, who speaks the "jargon"—half Hebrew and half German—of the Chosen People, and to whose loyal help and ever-ready energy I am deeply indebted.

Assuming two things, first, that the Jewish population of Russia amounts to five millions; and, second, that the Jews I saw are a fair sample of the Jews I did not see—I do not consider more than 20 per cent. of the adult males, *at the present time*, to be physically fit to bear the strain inseparable from settlement in a new country, under strange conditions, and with physical hardships to endure. As a whole the sedentary Jews are physically inferior to the sedentary Russians. Indeed, I can remember no country in Europe the town population of which does not excel, in physique, the poor Russian Jew townsmen. When, however, I contrast the Jew townsmen with the Jews settled by the Emperor Nicholas in the Government of Kherson, the difference is amazing. I found the latter an active, well set-up, sunburnt, muscular agricultural population, marked by all the characteristics of a peasantry of the highest character. There are thirty thousand of these people. So far as I could learn from the neighbouring proprietors—Russians—who employed them, they have no vice, unless early, improvident, and fruitful marriages can be deemed a vice.

Besides these agriculturists, there is a population of three hundred thousand able-bodied men who are engaged in arduous manual labour in or about the towns. As instances of this class I may cite the ten thousand labourers and artisans of Berdicheff, the wharf labourers of Odessa, the corn porters of Nicolaieff, and the agricultural labourers of Kremenchug, of whom at least four thousand are hired out at harvest time by neighbouring proprietors. All these men are fit for colonisation, though all are not equally fit.

But as a set-off against the physical inferiority to which reference has been made two elements must be taken into consideration in any analysis of the worth of the Jew as a

colonist, and which, in my opinion, more than compensate for his poverty in muscle. The first of these elements is the highly nervous temperament of the average Jew, which is not only the source of all the accusations of cowardice brought against him, but at the same time gives him an astounding capacity to sustain exertion for lengthy periods of time impossible to the stolid, beer-drinking Englishman or equally self-indulgent Russ. This quality of "last" is an atonement nature has made to the Jew for denying him a coarser fibre and a larger build.

The second element in the problem is a factor the value of which can only be assessed by those who have actually undergone the heart-breaking task of planting poor unemployed Englishmen on unemployed colonial acres. I refer to the high moral tone of the average Jew. With one exception the whole of my evidence points to the fact that the Jew is habitually temperate—he rarely drinks alcohol, rarely smokes; he is a good husband, father, son; he is not addicted to the use of filthy or blasphemous language; he is patient in trouble, and is most industrious in his work. Faults he undoubtedly has, but they are not of a nature that enter seriously into the question of colonisation.

Of the typical Jew, as I so often heard him described in St. Petersburg—a compound of thief and usurer—I have not met an instance. Of course, many such men must exist—or how could the fiction have been floated? A Russian Minister said to me in one of our conversations: "The Jew is a parasite; remove him from the living organism in which, and on which, he exists, and put this parasite on a rock, and he will die." The fact is, the St. Petersburg type of Jew is evolved from the inner consciousness of certain Orthodox statesmen, and has no existence in fact. In Russia the Jew has been forced into commerce, and, being clever, has made a success of the only callings available to him. The only thing to moralise him, and to make him like other people, is to restore him to the land. That he *can* be moralised by sunshine and sweat is shown by the conspicuous success of the Emperor Nicholas's colonies, of which I cannot speak too highly.

So far as my observations go, the Russian Jew and his children have not enough to eat. Until I see what good nourishing food

will do for him, it is impossible to say what proportion of the adult male population will eventually be capable of outdoor work. At present, dejection clouds the life of the whole Jewish population. But their misery is not, as yet, the parent of crime, on a large scale. The pressure of existence, the uncertainty of the future, and the actual want of tens of thousands under the present state of affairs, is an excellent criterion by which to judge the bearing and character of the Jews when under the stress of strain and struggle that will be incidental to the early years of the colonising scheme, in common with every other since the history of the world began.

In short, if courage—moral courage—hope, patience, temperance, are fine qualities, then the Jews are a fine people. Such a people, under wise direction, is destined to make a success of any well-organised plan of colonisation, whether in Argentina, Siberia, or South Africa. Nowhere is the truth of this statement more clearly demonstrated on a large scale than in the 60,000 hectares of land cultivated by Jews, situated in the Governments of Kherson and Ekaterinoslav. The population of 30,000 persons subsist almost entirely by agriculture. In the twenty-one colonies but one man cultivates fruit. The staple product is wheat, which grows freely and in five years out of six is a profitable crop. The first of these Jew colonies was founded in 1804, but the bulk of them were established by the Emperor Nicholas in 1846, and to this day reflect lustre on his foresight and his statesmanship as showing by unanswerable demonstration the true method *de moraliser les Juifs*. Notwithstanding the onerous conditions under which the land is held, the population continues to increase, showing that with all the drawbacks attaching to a system under which the Jews may neither buy, sell, nor mortgage land, there is no inherent repugnance towards agriculture on the part of the Jewish people. The land belongs to the Crown, and the tenure is that of perpetual quit-rent. In the twenty-one colonies are thirteen schools. There is no drunkenness or serious crime, and the domestic virtues are nowhere seen to greater advantage than among the Hebrew peasantry who are rooted in the soil. Where the land is good the people succeed well and are contented ; but the families rapidly in-

crease, and distress from over-population is already a marked feature. Only thirty desiatines—about eighty acres—are allotted to each family, and as in some cases the families reach fifty souls it is easy to see that the pressure of existence is extremely hard. Every system of colonisation that provides no reserves of land for future increase of population is doomed to undergo the difficulties with which we are all familiar in Ireland. In these Russian colonies the large families pay taxes on each member, but have no greater earning capacity than the smaller families, because they have no more land—an anomaly bitterly complained of.

I was told by one of the Rabbis that twenty years ago some of the people worked badly, but that since then, and especially since the Odessa riots of 1882, they have laboured with assiduity and courage. Another witness, the Christian intendant of a large Russian proprietor, stated that one objection to the poor agricultural Jews was that they took such tender care of their women that they would not allow them to work in the fields. I found, however, after careful investigation of this point, that among the poorest families the women and girls work out of doors exactly as the French and Italian women are wont to do. Those families, however, in easier circumstances not only regard it as shameful to allow their females to undergo severe exertion in the fields, and therefore restrict them to household duties, but are morally sustained in their action by the value attached to child life, and the fear of inflicting irreparable injury on a woman who may be the mother of the Messiah.

It is not too much to say that the colonies I am describing are the direct result of Sir Moses Montefiore's visit to the Emperor Nicholas in 1846, and the policy of assimilation and Russification which was the direct result of the influence obtained by that eminent man over the mind and the conscience of a monarch we English are more accustomed to associate with Ivan the Terrible than with Alexander the Second.

I was much concerned to ascertain the behaviour and actions of the Jewish colonists, most of whom came from Minsk, Grodno, and, Wilna in 1846, during the early years of their installation. The following are the words of a great landowner of the neighbourhood,

a Russian of the Orthodox faith: "From the first I can give them the highest character, but in the early days they wanted practice; but the people soon settled down, and the land moralised the men." On being asked what he meant by this, he said: "At first the great towns magnetised the weak souls, but in a short time the town taint was eradicated, and the land sweetened and purified the people." The whole of my evidence on this point was unanimous as to the absolute elimination of the evil characteristics generally attributed to town Jews when first rooted on the soil. This landowner's last words were: "Some of these Jew colonists are so good, so honest, and so skilled, it would be well if all the Christian colonies were like them." The girls do not go out as servants, as do our English lasses of a similar class, but remain at home until they are married.

It is said that there is no law so carefully drafted that a Jew cannot evade it. Nothing can be more stringent than the May laws of General Ignatieff, designed to prevent the Jews from acquiring land. The manner in which this law is evaded is a signal comment on the success with which the General conducted his country in 1882 on a legislative exodus to the thought and practices of the sixteenth century. The Jew obtains land from proprietors on his word of honour—*en parole*—from sheer force of his character. I know of many instances—one of them is a Russian Minister now in high office—whose land is let to a Jew on his word only, and without the exchange of a compromising document. Such a people is surely capable of being put to a better use than being huddled up in the towns of Poland, and deprived of all pride and title in the land in which they live, and for which they fight.

A few particulars of some of the colonies may not be without interest.

I arrived at the Colony of Dobrayĕ at sundown on June 16th. The straggling village consisted of one hundred and four houses, many of them neat and substantial; others were in a state of decay, which gave an untidy air to the streets. On inquiry, however, I found that the uninhabited and tumbledown cottages were those originally inhabited by colonists who had outgrown their

first modest habitations, and who had prospered sufficiently to provide a more ambitious residence. The population of the village amounted to five hundred souls. That night I took the evidence of fifteen men, clad in long frock coats; serious, stalwart, sunburnt fellows. Among them was Visnawata, a blacksmith, of forty-two years of age, married, and the father of three children. He had been thirty-seven years in Dobrayē, was capable of making ploughs and carts, including the wheels. His hands were hard, and the work he turned out, though not equal to that of Ransom and Sims or Howard of Bedford, was serviceable and good. His income in good years amounted to 800 roubles. Zadik Passil, a man of forty, married, with six children, lived on his land—thirty desiatines. He uses horses, four or six in the team, which are his own property. Except for his frock coat his bearing was that of a most capable small farmer. Zessi Liptaski, twenty-six, bachelor, worked for his father on his allotment. He is one of four brothers who, with the parent, gain a living from the thirty desiatines. Land is hired on *parole* from a neighbouring proprietor. These men, like their companions, gave one the impression of a natural dignity born of duties done, and a consciousness of natural power of mind greatly in excess of that usual among the peasantry of Europe. The little community is governed by ten old men, with a chairman appointed by Government. They enjoy power to inflict fines up to thirty roubles. There is no crime and no robbery in the village. The policeman was the weakest and most incapable man I saw, and his physical incapacity was a silent tribute to the virtues of the people. On my remarking the absence of trees or flowers round the houses, they admitted the defect, but said that for the last few years they were afraid of making improvements which might at any time be confiscated by the Government, but as a matter of fact some of them had begun to plant trees. One excellent feature in Dobrayē was the existence of a mutual insurance society, in which no loss exceeding 400 roubles was recoverable. The average earnings of heads of families amounted to 400 roubles, a very small income for large families. On inquiring into the question of money-lending, I found that, while there were no usurers among the Jewish population, some of the poorest were apt to borrow money at 36 per cent. from a neighbour-

ing Russian peasant, thus giving a Muscovite version of the fable of the wolf and the lamb.

Next day I visited a number of the colonists in their own homes. I paid surprise visits at random, and found the cleanliness and self-respect universal. The Rabbi had great influence, and if ever I saw practical religion carried into daily life it was among those grave and sober Hebrew ploughmen. The Society for the Conversion of the Jews would gain some useful hints on true Christianity from them.

Three-furrow ploughs, reapers, rollers of fluted stone, were all made in the place. The blacksmiths and the ploughmen, the miller and the haymakers all exhibited their skill and strength, and I was not surprised to learn from neighbouring proprietors that they prefer Jewish labourers in harvest time to Russians or to Germans. Vodki has no charms for the former.

Space will not allow me to describe the other colonies I visited, where I found results even more favourable to the Jewish population. There is a hunger and thirst for knowledge which is almost pathetic. All the children are educated, and apparently there were no black sheep. It is true that the cultivation is not good to English eyes. Charlock is too plentiful in the young wheat. The potatoes are not "hilled up." The furrows are not straight. Roads are unmended. But the Russian proprietors do no better, if as well, and the Government seems entirely to neglect this splendid population. Well led and well organised, they are susceptible of greater development. To a trained eye, however, their moral and physical condition is simply marvellous.

In the colony of Novaia Poltavka I found one hundred and eighty-five houses, inhabited by one thousand six hundred and thirty-four souls in all, cultivating two thousand eight hundred and fifty desiatines. To the profits of agriculture they added horse-breeding. The young men rode like Cossacks of the Don, and on my proposing some sky races, and offering a few roubles as prizes, there were twenty-eight entries in five minutes. The first race—which we called the Prix du Baron de Hirsch—was most eagerly contested by eight-and-twenty lads, catch weights, riding without saddles or stirrups, and the winner was warmly congratulated on

all sides. At last I heard a Jew laugh, and even cheer. For when I left these fine fellows they rode by the side of the carriage, and gave me a good Russian salvo of cheers, which showed that the gloom and silence of the Jewish population of Russia is removable with a little judicious amusement.

I must not close these remarks on the Jews as colonists without a word in deprecation of the senseless abuse of Russia with which many kind hearts in England have relieved their feelings and thereby increased the burdens laid upon the poor Jews. I have travelled too much to venture on any expression of opinion on a country in which I have only lived for two months. But this I know is true—the best Russians are as heartily ashamed of the Moscow persecutions as the English are ashamed of the proceedings of Stanley's Rearguard, but they are too proud to say so, even at the beck of so exalted a functionary as the Lord Mayor of London. It is a curious phenomenon that the deepest emotion and the noblest of motives are not seldom the preludes to the most appalling consequences when not attended by common-sense.

ARNOLD WHITE.

II.

CUSTOM, which reconciles men to all things, is rapidly deadening the violence of the shock inflicted on the sensitive British public by the painful disclosures lately made concerning the sufferings of Russian Jews; and if, as seems highly probable, the persecution only lasts long enough, we may soon expect to see it fall into its proper place among the sights and scenes of modern life, like the anarchy of Abyssinia and the bloodshed of Dahomey.

It is much to be regretted, however, that, instead of waiting patiently until this indifference is brought about by the familiarity that comes of custom, an attempt should be made to base it on a vain hope that, like the Bulgarian and Armenian atrocities, the persecution of the Jews has been, if not wholly invented, at least greatly magnified by enterprising newsmongers in Germany and England. "Let us hope," ejaculated with a sigh the

old lady to whom the zealous missionary had been giving a vivid account of the passion and death of Christ, in the hope of melting her heart, "let us hope that, as it happened so very far away and so very long ago, it may not be all true. God grant that there may not be a word of truth in it." This is the position taken up by some people in this country. It may, possibly, to some extent underlie the views expressed and implied by Mr. Gladstone in his letter to Mr. Samuel Montagu, in which he absolutely declines to utter a protest against the alleged persecution of the Jews by the Russian Government, because, among other things, it has always been his endeavour to "found himself upon a broad basis of tolerably ascertained facts," to which category, presumably, the statements respecting Russian Jews have not yet been satisfactorily proved to belong.

No doubt there is something to be said in support of this view of the matter. It is undeniable that the Jewish people have been in greater straits before now without their sufferings having provoked a universal cry of horror; and certainly no influential statesman was requested to break with his friends and allies merely because eighteen thousand Jews were butchered at the end of the eleventh century in Germany, or a quarter of a million were smoked out of their synagogues and driven into the hospitable Christian Church in the fourteenth century in Spain. Still, it is no less true that the number of Russian Jews who are now being hunted like wild beasts and tortured as if they were human fiends amounts to between five and six millions, and that the motive for this treatment appears to ordinary minds as utterly immoral as its ultimate failure is absolutely certain. The attempts, neither frequent nor formidable, to minimise the sufferings of Russian Israelites proceed mainly from two men, whose complete lack of personal knowledge about the people, the language, and the country of which they write amply justifies us in acquitting them of heartlessness. One is the correspondent of a large London daily in a provincial town nearly two thousand miles from St. Petersburg, who does not even pretend to know Russian, while the other is an American citizen, free from Old World prejudices, who, after a flying visit of five weeks to the country, during which he cross-

examined, through a bad interpreter, jesting Germans instead of jubilant Jews, showed an equally profound knowledge of the Government by his confident expectation of receiving in person the thanks of the Tsar for eulogies which might have been equally well written on the slopes of the Rocky Mountains or the crest of Bunker's Hill.

The present sufferings of Russian Jews, told in the most dispassionate language, would probably seem to men of unbiassed minds to the full as exquisite and infinitely less merited than those cruelties which, practised on Italian criminals, imparted eloquence to the indignation and gall to the ink of the author of the famous Letters to Lord Aberdeen on the condition of the Neapolitan prisons, while the evidence on which they rest is far more abundant and infinitely more trustworthy than that upon which millions of Roman Catholics were emphatically declared incapable of conducting themselves as loyal subjects by the same cautious historian. In five or six pages of a review it is out of the question to act upon the wise suggestion thrown out by the eminent statesman, and to prove the indictment against Russia up to the hilt.* Detached instances, on the other hand, are frequently unsatisfactory and sometimes misleading ; but a student of Homer needs not to be told that we have no more effective way of describing a battle, a plague, or a national calamity.

I have myself seen Jews brutally struck in the face—shrivelled, ashy, pleading faces that would have excited pity in the breast of an executioner. I have been present when they were forcibly ejected from railway carriages and left in the middle of the night in the midst of the dreary wastes called steppes to find their way or die; the only crime of which they were charged in either case being the misfortune of having been born in the Jewish faith. And the circumstance that no laws countenanced such treatment—which, applied to Russian Christians, would certainly have led to arson and might possibly be followed by murder—gave the sufferers not the shadow of a right to seek redress or complain.

* I hope to be able to touch upon the three points mentioned by Mr. Gladstone in a paper on the Jewish Persecution which will appear next October as a chapter of a book to be entitled *Russian Characteristics*.

The zeal of the administrators, especially in an autocracy, is always considerably ahead of the caution of the legislator apprehensive of the strictures of honest and independent men.* I have likewise seen and conversed with Jews who, with the express authorisation of the competent authorities, had lived for twenty years in one and the same house, in one and the same town; had deservedly won the respect of their acquaintances, the friendship of their neighbours, and the confidence of their employers; whose lives—at a time and in a country where a blameless life is title enough to a saintship—were positively exemplary, and whose patriarchal families the author of the *Deserted Village*, or of *Hermann and Dorothea*, would have delighted to describe, for, strange as it may seem, there are, and have been, such men and women even among Russian Jews. I met them since the new era, but their homes were gone; they themselves, like Gadarene swine, liable to be drowned or driven by anyone coming that way, were being hurried along a dreary, frozen road; in the company of housebreakers, highwaymen, and murderers; and when they at last reached the hated goal, they were shot forth like human refuse into the dumping-ground of the Pale with ruined prospects, shattered health, blasted hopes, and broken hearts. The healthy effect on the Russian Government which an emphatic and reiterated protest, as distinguished from written memorials and petitions, might possibly produce, justifies one's regret that the Jews in question are neither Austrian citizens nor our Irish fellow-subjects.

The later stages of the lives of these men are such that a human realist would gladly draw a veil over them. I have visited some of these Jews in the Pale and shall never forget the sights I beheld: narrow coffins called rooms, reeking with filth, in which living and dying have a bitter foretaste of the equality of death; the fearful struggle of savage passions, long latent but roused at last by the instinct of self-preservation, against the gentle promptings of that charity which may one day become Christian; the final victory

* That the least independent citizens and most shameless liars are English members of Parliament has lately been publicly asserted by a lady whose friends are anxious to introduce her to the notice of her countrymen as the intimate friend of Mr. Gladstone. She signed the article in which this sweeping accusation appeared, "Olga Novikoff," or O.K.

of self-sacrifice, followed by that of disease in the guise of hunger; typhus, and then a black-bloated corpse lying on the half-tanned leather that poisons the thick air, and the sigh of the survivors as they begin their daily work in the den that is bedroom, sitting-room, dining-room, workshop, and temporary coffin. This, in euphemistic phraseology, is the record of the lives of many of the best Jews of the Pale.

A Jew is deprived of the right of circulating in the Empire which he contributes more than his share to support; he is as hopelessly shut up within the Pale as were the serfs within the limits of their owner's estates, while the lives of the serfs bore on the whole the same relation to those of the Jews in the Pale that the woes of well-fed first-class misdemeanants in an English prison bear to the agonies of Ugolino in his hunger tower. The Jew is forbidden to purchase or rent land, or even to advance money on landed security; if an estate be bequeathed to him, even within the Pale, he is compelled to sell it within a delay of six months, and is then the butt for jeers and gibes at his parasitic propensities which prevent his taking kindly to agriculture and honesty. He is forced to devote the best years of his life to military service; in spite of universally admitted claims is contemptuously denied the officers' epaulettes which are freely granted to a Mohammedan; and is then reproached for not developing a taste for the army. The gymnasiums and universities in which he was heretofore disqualified from occupying a professorial chair now refuse to admit him even as a student. The bar shudders at the prospect of being contaminated by his presence. Even the civil administration, which welcomes with open arms drunkards, forgers, and convicted murderers,* recoils from the thought of employing a Jew, who, if he wishes to prolong this worse than dog's life, must either steal openly or embark in trade.

Their wish to live, under such conditions, is almost as incomprehensible as their choice of higgling and peddling in preference to thieving or robbing. That success should crown their efforts is perhaps explicable enough when we remember their absolute

Odessa News, August, 1888.

sobriety, their Chinese economy, and comparative honesty. Their wonderful knack of keeping body and soul together, where they were expected to give up the struggle and die, is the basis of the accusation hurled by the Press against Russian Jews of impoverishing the country. There is at this moment a Central Asian Exhibition in Moscow in which the manufacturers who trade with those provinces exhibit their wares. Inquiries having been lately made into the religious views of these enterprising firms, a shocking discovery resulted, and the semi-official organ of St. Petersburg, alluding thereto, angrily denounces the scurvy Jews because the exhibitors consist of only fifteen Russians, twenty-five Germans, and fifty Poles and Jews. "How and why," it exclaims, "has such a calamity befallen us? No doubt the Poles possess a right—speaking with academic impartiality—to trade in Russia, as Russian subjects . . . but the misery is that in the train of the Poles you will invariably find the mangy Jews."*

The same organ lately published two impassioned articles suggesting that Jews be disqualified from opening printing offices in the Empire, even in the Pale. An old law was ferreted out according to which Jews may, under certain conditions, print only Hebrew books, and the writer in the *Novoye Vremya* calls the attention of the Government to three Jewish printing offices in Berditscheff, two in Smela, and sixteen altogether in the Government of Kieff in which no Hebrew books have been printed for many years. The article appropriately concludes with the remark that Russia should exist only for the Russians.† That the Government is not behind the Press in these matters is evident from the precautionary measures it enforces, with the object of cooling the ardour of Jewish commercial enterprise; and it is surely not the British Sabbath keeper who will blame the Government which allows Christian merchants to trade, *compels* its own officials to break the Sabbath, and obliges its own actors and actresses to appear

* *Novoye Vremya*, July 11th, 1891. The words "mangy Jews" are expressed in Russia by one term.

† *Novoye Vremya*. July 9, 1891. The second article denounces the Jewish printers of Volhynia.—*Nov. Vremya*, July 18th, 1891.

on the scene on Sundays, Easter Sunday included, for now ordering the Jews, who strictly keep holy fifty-two Sabbaths in the year, to cease from all work on over eighty Orthodox holidays besides. Still it cannot be denied that enforced idleness during more than one-third of the year must prove ruinous to a class of the community whose profits are barely enough to supply them with the necessities of life.

Among the numerous wares which Jews manufacture and sell are *icons*, holy pictures, crosses, and other objects venerated or worshipped by their Orthodox fellow-subjects, and on the whole they make them of a better quality and sell them at more reasonable prices than their Christian competitors. The Government has lately closed this branch of industry to its Hebrew subjects, in the interests of morality and religion, and the Jewish Saviours, St. Nicholases and Virgins, which were certainly not calculated to provoke mirth or disgust, are now being superseded by strictly Christian representatives of St. John striking up a lively tune on a fiddle before the Mother of Christ, and St. Nicholas in a brown study, smoking a dirty pipe the grey wreaths of which mingle with the yellow rays of his saintly halo.

"These scoundrelly Jews are reducing all Christian people to beggary about here," I was assured by a Russian tradesman in a town of Pale. "By combining against them?" I asked. "No." "Bribery?" "No, but downright swindling and roguery," was the emphatic reply, which arousing a feeling of curiosity rather than surprise, I asked for details. "Details? why, they are always swindling and cheating us. Now, see here. We deal largely in eggs and poultry, and buy up all we can get from the peasants who bring them to market. But these infernal crucifiers of Christ turn out before daybreak, perhaps don't go to bed at all the night before, and go out to meet the peasants before they are near the town. They then buy up all that is to be had, and the peasants sell a little cheaper for being saved the trouble and expense of coming into town, and so the ground is being cut from under our feet." "Well, but why don't you rise earlier and meet the peasants still further from town?" I imprudently inquired. But the look of intense scorn that was intended as an answer to this question warned me

that the conversation was broken off and our relations at an end for ever.

Whether hailed as a blessing or deplored as a misfortune, it must be admitted as a solid fact that in no part of the world are the Jews so intensely religious as in Russia. Religion is their sole consolation in afflictions that to others seem too terrible to admit of any. The most hard-hearted tyrant would scarcely go so far as to deprive them of that last hope or delusion. And yet the Russian Government in an official document publicly sneers at their religious faith, telling them that the very fact that their children enter schools "is of itself proof sufficient that they and their parents have outgrown the exclusiveness that stickles for the strict observance of the Sabbath,"* and refuses to accord them permission to open schools of their own.† And now, to crown all, a law has been promulgated according to which the privilege of obtaining the shorter term of military service, which is accorded to all young men without exception who pass through the elementary schools, will in future be withheld from sectarians and Jews unless they pass successfully an examination in the doctrines of the Holy Orthodox Church, the ceremonies of the Mass, and can recite with becoming devotion the prayers in use in that Apostolic and Catholic community. The *Novoye Vremya* gloats over the idea that during the first quarter of this year about fifty thousand Jews were driven into the Orthodox Church, the invisible and visible heads of which they naturally hate and abhor as cordially as their fathers did in the days of King Herod.

There is at the present moment an immense army of Jews all wending their way from the four points of the compass to the circumscribed district called the Pale, in which the complex disease called Judaism, unlike loathsome leprosy left to roam about at will, is localised and watched. In far distant Askhabad, General Kooropatkin, the new Governor-General, is having them arrested and convoyed in gangs, but not before certain mysterious persons, calling themselves agents of the Foreign Committee for the Relief

* *Circular of the Ministry of Public Instruction.* H. 15,038.
† *Ministerial Circular* of June, 1888. H. F.

of Russian Jews, had been allowed to appear among them, sell them lots of land in Palestine in the name of Lord Rothschild, and disappear, leaving them moneyless on their long march as prisoners to the Pale. In Baku we learn from the local organ, *Caspia*, that the police are actually very busy expelling Jews who have no right to live there, and we are further informed that this numerous category is now made to include all those who possess certificates of skilled artisans, and are consequently entitled by law to circulate freely in the Empire. All are being expelled without exception.*

In Astrakhan a census of the Jewish population has been taken, which shows that the great majority of the Jews there possess a legal right, as skilled artisans, to reside in the city. But the police are enforcing a new regulation first suggested by Count Ignatieff, the Governor-General of Kieff, who was Governor-General in Siberia when Madame Sihida was flogged to death there, which empowers the authorities to subject all Jewish artisans to an examination which must satisfy them that their practical and theoretical knowledge of the craft is perfect, and even then, if they suspect that these deft artisans do not receive orders enough for work, they can treat them as lawbreakers and drive them along with convict gangs into the Pale. Applying this law in the spirit of the moment, the police have expelled large numbers of Jews.† A similar census is being taken in the Government of Poltava, and the Israelites there, aware of its motive and foreseeing its results, have instituted a general fast in the hope of averting the miseries that are hanging over them. In Pereyasslav and Loobna especially the Israelite population is in a condition of abject terror.‡

The brewers, distillers, mechanics, &c., &c., whose right to live in any city of the Empire has never yet been called in question, have just been deprived of this right by a stroke of his Imperial Majesty's pen, and all those who reside in the city or the Government of Moscow are being expelled and absolutely forbidden ever again to return. They are forced to sell their house property for what it will fetch, and as quickly as may be; for the authorities will hear of

* *Novoye Vremya*, June 21st, 1891. † *Ibid*, May 11th, 1891.
‡ *Nedelya*, June 21st, 1891.

no delay. Across all vested rights and rights of capital and labour a wet sponge has been drawn, and no complaints are listened to or even uttered.* In Kieff, Count Ignatieff is applying the examination ukase with such vigour that even the most clever artisans have no hope of passing successfully through the ordeal, and they who fulfil all the conditions as to efficiency laid down by the Commission are deprived of their right to reside in the city on the ground that they do not receive orders enough to enable them to support themselves by following their trade. And thus good citizens and bad have their certificates cancelled and are being ruthlessly expelled from the city.†

All these miserable pariahs are being driven to the Pale, and, to use a Scriptural phrase, hell from beneath is moved for them to meet them at their coming. In the Pale the struggle for existence is not merely keen, it is inhumanly cruel. The inhabitants resemble shipwrecked sailors tossing about in an open boat ten days after having left the ship, and five after the last victuals have been eaten. A visit to Berditscheff or to Smela would convert Hobbes himself to Nihilism, were Hobbes still living. The Pale is not inhabited by Jews only; it contains a very considerable number of Christians of the Orthodox and other churches, who are treated by the authorities as if they belonged to a privileged race of men. And now the semi-official organs complain that, in consequence of the great influx of Hebrews driven thither by the operation of the new laws, all the trade has been taken possession of by Jews, who, though unable to earn enough to live, have involuntarily reduced their Christian competitors to the verge of starvation.‡

Fear of some vast impending calamity usually subdues the fierce passions of the untamed beasts, and the prairie fire or the waters of an inundation will cause the wolf to crouch down with the lamb. But no national calamity seems to make his Christian Governors forget to treat the Jew as an arch enemy; indeed, the sufferings of the Orthodox Christian are apparently alleviated by the consciousness that those of the Jew are more terrible still.

* *Novoye Vremya*, May 7th, 1891.
† *Ibid*, May 16th, 1891.
‡ *Ibid*, May 6th, 1891. *Cf.* also *Ibid*, June 29th, 1891.

This at least is the theory suggested by the treatment received by the Jews during the famine that is now beginning to be felt through Russia. All the famine-stricken districts—and they are coterminous with perhaps two-thirds of European Russia—are demanding and receiving material assistance from the Government. But the Jews are told to bury their Jews if they cannot support them. The attention of the Governor of Yekaterinoslav was directed last winter to the material needs of the Jews of the district of Mariupol, who, it was alleged, were dying of hunger. Believing the report exaggerated, this dignitary visited the district in person and found the reality more horrible than the description. The Jews were in a most pitiable condition. In Rovnopol, for instance, they had no fuel to help them to ward off the piercing cold ; no bread to keep them from dying of hunger, and no means of procuring either. Several families were huddled together in one room, in the hope of generating human heat enough to keep up vital action. The Governor came, looked, and went away. He gave them no help. He refused even to recommend the Government to come to their assistance. How could he recommend such a course when he knew that their disappearance from the district and the world would be regarded by the Government as a good riddance? He did what respect for appearances commanded him to do: he informed the administrators of a small Jewish fund, from which nothing could be spared for the purpose, that he had discovered worthy objects of charity, and went his way. *

The treatment of Jewish recruits is such as to justify a protest, in the name of humanity, even on the part of such an exceptionally cautious and unemotional student of contemporary history as Mr. Gladstone. There are certain limits of height, certain chronic diseases and other bodily defects, which, in virtue of the written law, disqualify a man from entering the army. But they do not unfit the Jew. The Jew, like the Hindoo, has an inherited abhorrence of violence and bloodshed, and he dons the military costume by way of fulfilling a duty which never becomes a pleasure. The Russian authorities, knowing this,

* *Cf.*, for instance, the *Nedelya*, April 5th, 1891.

resolve to do violence to his nature in the most wanton way conceivable, and drive him into the army under conditions which are deemed sufficiently grave to exempt every Christian and Mohammedan. Special categories of military service have been invented with this particular and avowed object.

To this, of course, there are limits. A man may be in the last stages of consumption; he may be lame and on the point of succumbing to sarcoma; heart disease may have left him but a few more months to live. Such a man's place is the hospital, and the hospital only as the antechamber leading to the churchyard. Now, the Government, though cruel, is not fatuous enough to compel such a patient to don the uniform and serve in the army. It orders him home to his village, but at the same time commands him to hold himself in readiness to come up for another examination, and still another, when called upon. As a rule he is called upon, or rather pounced upon, as if he were a Russian Jack the Ripper, and hurried along to the district town with a band of convicts, marching on foot by day, and spending the nights in overcrowded prisons, where he is subjected to such brutal treatment that he must be an angel if he pass through it unscathed, and a fiend if he submit to it without repugnance. And yet he is admittedly a suffering patient sick unto death. This is one of the latest laws framed specially for the Jews; it provides that the invalid Jewish recruit shall be conveyed to the district town for medical examination, *by etape*.

What would happen in these islands if cabmen and costermongers were to treat their beasts as the rulers of a nation called holy treat five millions of men, women, and children who are the most submissive of their subjects, is not difficult to divine. It is as easy to foresee by what methods a Christian people would endeavour to gain a livelihood if, while forced to pay higher taxes than the bulk of their fellow subjects, they found most of the avenues to honest labour barred against them. But the Jew will move Heaven and earth to keep body and soul together without crossing the Rubicon of dishonesty. That he cannot always boast of success is very natural; the surprising phenomenon is that he ever can. Here is a sample of one of his efforts to be moderately honest without paying for his

virtue or his prejudice with his life: A ragged man walked up to a Russian merchant in the Troitsky Market, lately, and stood suddenly still. His nose was very red and of enormous dimensions, and, to judge by the queer little dark spots that disfigured it, was the seat of some strange disease. In his hand he carried a needle and thread. "Is it your honour's pleasure now?" he inquired of the merchant in a thick, husky voice, pointing the while to the needle. "Yes, yes, fire away!" was the reply. A crowd of loiterers quickly gathered round him and peals of Homeric laughter rent the air, as he drove the needle through his nose in and out, and out and in, till that organ was a mass of shapeless flesh. This æsthetic representation over, the merchant rewarded the poverty-stricken wretch with a small coin! *

But it is needless to continue. The policy that is reducing a people of five millions to these terrible straits may not call for a protest, may not, perhaps, be even immoral—this term has almost become an anachronism in the last decade of the nineteenth century—but surely it is not a whit more humane than was the Turkish administration which culminated in the Bulgarian "atrocities." The Sultan and his advisers were at that time considerably influenced by public protests in England. And now Mr. Gladstone asks us to believe that his friends, the Russians, are less amenable to public opinion, more completely devoid of shame than the Turks. He may be right; and no one would feel grievously disappointed if even he failed to loose the bands of Orion, or to draw out the leviathan with a hook. But surely it will seem passing strange to many who appreciate his services and respect his opinions, that he should have chosen the Persecution of the Russian Jews as the most fitting text for an implied eulogy on the Tzar.

E. B. LANIN.

* *Nedelya*, June, 1891. *Samara Gazette*, June 7th, 1891.

LOVE AND FICTION.

IN æsthetics a very general question carries with it a primary reply, indisputable and positive, that of facts, and the subtlest theories avail nothing against those facts. How often has it not been proved to demonstration, to take one case among many others, that epic literature is incompatible with the modern spirit! Then Victor Hugo gave us *La Légende des Siècles*. How often, especially in France, has it not been maintained, by unanswerable arguments, that the time had passed for novels with a purpose, and that the future belonged exclusively to the analysts without moral conclusions! Thereupon Tolstoi takes the novel in hand, and produces masterpieces even more impregnated with philosophical aspirations than any of the works of Madame de Staël or Georges Sand. In dealing, therefore, with a question such as that we are now examining—is the art of fiction possible without the interest derived from love?—we ought, in the first place, to ask ourselves whether some rather remarkable creations of that art are not to be met with which in reality dispense with such interest. The reply is easy, and, to take at random two very striking instances among theatrical works, *Macbeth* and *Athalie* may at once be cited as entirely deprived of that interest, and among novels *Le Cousin Pons* and *Le Curé de Tours* of Balzac, and the *Robinson Crusoe* of Daniel Defoe. These five works, so widely different are they, sufficiently enable us to draw the conclusion that in reality some of the masters of fiction have succeeded in producing the greatest tragic and pathetic effects without having recourse in any way to the magic of what Goethe called, in words so appropriate that they have become hackneyed, *Das ewig Weibliche*.

We seem, therefore, to have settled one point by the examina-

tion of facts. Yes, fiction can do without love. But if an isolated fact demonstrate a possibility, the value of the possibility is diminished by that very isolation. Now, the literary historian at once records this second and indisputable truth, that a *Macbeth*, an *Athalie*, a *Cousin Pons*, a *Curé de Tours* are exceptions among the works even of the authors by whom they were written, and still more so among the bulk of the works of every other author. Let us still employ the term fiction in its most extended sense, and we shall recognise that the dramas, the comedies, the novels, the poems from which the love interest is absent, when compared with the dramas, the comedies, the novels and the poems in which it prevails, are, proportionately, few indeed; so few that if a cultivated reader were asked to draw up a list of the works of fiction which do without love, he would be puzzled to name more than nine or ten. Would he even find as many? This observation, which tells both ways, shows that if love is not imperiously and absolutely necessary in fiction, it is, however, too useful to be considered as other than an almost inseparable element of the art. I think I perceive some reasons for this which I should like to point out, because, being technical reasons, they are too much neglected by the æsthetics, and yet they govern literary production.

It would seem, indeed, that every discussion upon a work of art should first of all take into account the conditions under which that work of art was produced, and yet this is precisely what least occupies those who talk about it. To keep to the question before us, the persons who criticise as a monotonous abuse the employment of Love in novels and dramas always regard the subject from a purely ideal and philosophical point of view. They take pains to prove the self-evident truth, that love occupies in books and upon the stage a much more important place than in real life. "Love," say these theorists, "is with most men a dolorous or a delightful disorder for a very brief period. If that period be prolonged it is only among a small number of the idle, and just as the necessities of employment affect the disorder among people with occupations, so among these idle ones, who have leisure to think upon their sentiments, the ambition of caste, of wealth, of vanity, or of mere prosperity, soon insinuates itself into the heart, side by side with

love, and diminishes its intensity. We have consequently a passion, powerful no doubt and assuredly interesting, but, after all, secondary, while in works of art it occupies a place much greater than all the others. This," continue these theorists, "is a survival of the time when the literature of fiction confined itself, as in France during the seventeenth century, to the delineation of Court life, all gallantry and intrigue. In the present day we require a more accurate and a more complete picture of life, and if we are to have such a picture the novelists and the dramatists must make up their minds to keep love in the background, or suppress it altogether, especially as they have already drawn from it every imaginable combination."

This argument, the force of which I hope I have not diminished, is a very specious one. In æsthetics we ought to mistrust very specious arguments, especially when they lead to no practical induction. But when those arguments are based upon the mysterious term *life*, their apparent logic serves only to hide a thoroughly sterile sophism. For we might use almost the same argument to demonstrate that the dramatic art is necessarily false, because the characters do not employ the same number of words they would in real life. Into five minutes, and the interval of a very short scene, you compress an interview which, in reality, would last two hours, and cause thousands of words to be spoken. The explanation is that a work of art is not solely composed of the elements supplied by real life. It has to take those elements and group them, and the conditions of this grouping govern the entire history of art. To return to the place occupied in fiction by love; if novelists and dramatists have been instinctively led, as it were, to give so large a place to that passion, the reason is that they saw how much easier their labour was thus rendered. They perceived in it a particularly effective means of making observations, oftentimes quite foreign to the subject of love. A short analysis will show the reason of the preference for this passion, rather than for so many others.

Let us suppose that a painter of manners, a Molière, a Balzac, a Thackeray, has collected a great number of notes upon some social class, some calling, some spot in town or country. To give these various notes the unity of a drama he must, in the first place,

create characters in which that class, that calling, those customs, are embodied and endowed with life. The primary condition of a narrative is that it must place individuals before us, and not be satisfied with reproducing mere notes. The second condition is that those individuals must act in juxtaposition. Now, what moral crisis is better adapted for this twofold purpose than a love crisis? Under what circumstances does our individuality display itself with more energy and freedom, whether we resist, or whether we yield to the transport of desire? When the character of a hypocrite is to be completely exposed to view, in even its most hidden recesses, what does Molière do? He throws Tartuffe at the feet of Elmire, for he knows that passion will cause the mask of the scoundrel to fall, and that in his imprudent and dangerous words he will completely betray himself. When the figure of a young man who is poor and who is consumed by a feverish desire to succeed in life is to be brought out in full relief, Balzac makes Delphine de Mucingen meet Rastignac (*Le Père Goriot*), Stendhal makes Julien Sorel meet Madame de Rénal and Mademoiselle de la Môle (*Le Rouge et le Noir*), and their ungovernable ambition and pride, with hearts precociously corrupted by the craving for luxury, are revealed all the more vividly, because Rastignac and Julien are at the sentimental age, and, nowithstanding their prosaic calculations, give way occasionally to unrestrained emotion, which is immediately repressed by the fierceness of their dispositions. If strength of honour in a noble heart has to be shown, Corneille brings the Cid into the presence of Chimène; and the love of the hero serves, by the strength with which he combats it, to show us how profound is that feeling of honour. If the moral ravages caused by the abuse of metaphysical reverie, and the atrophy of the will, have to be exhibited, Goethe creates Werther with his regard for Charlotte which he cannot overcome. It will be observed that in none of these cases has the writer had in view to study love for its own sake, like Shakespeare in *Romeo and Juliet*, or Racine in *Phèdre*. Love has been made use of simply as a means of illustrating some characteristic feature, some habit of mind, or even some prejudice. It has seemed to the writer that no method was better adapted to display the

characteristics of a person than to represent him as in love. Tartuffe without Elmire would be none the less Tartuffe, a false saint of the darkest perfidy; Rastignac and Julien, two frightful, smooth-faced scoundrels of the fashionable world; Rodrigue, a nobleman of an admirable race; and Werther, a poor sickly German visionary. Yes, they would be all that; but we should know less about them had we not seen them subjected to the most decisive ordeals a young man can undergo, and sometimes a man who is no longer young, such as Harpagon or Othello.

If a love crisis is a sovereign means of eliciting distinguishing characteristics it is perhaps even more sovereign in creating one of those passionate and tragical conflicts which are the very essence of the drama and the novel. Undoubtedly the rivalries of ambition, of self-esteem, of opinion, of race, occasion constant struggles and abound in prolonged conflicts. Love presents this advantage—I am regarding the subject from a purely technical point of view with an eye to composition—that the struggles it occasions are more rapid, more acute, more violent. The spectator or the reader is, besides, more disposed to accept sudden changes and incoherence, which the author often needs in order to arrive at fresh and unexpected incidents. And here let me refer to one of the difficulties the least known and yet the most important of the art of fiction—I mean recourse to the unforeseen. If indeed, a novelist or a dramatist confined himself to the incidents which proceed logically from the dispositions of his characters, the number of those incidents would, in the first place, be very limited and they would not seem real. Each of us has but to look into his own existence to recognise this truth, that although he has controlled one part of his life, he has had to submit to the other, owing to circumstances impossible to foresee and determine beforehand. In everyone's destiny, therefore, a part is attributable to the will, and a part to chance. Nothing is more difficult than this distribution when fictitious incidents are concerned, and this again is one of the points on which the divergence is made manifest between the conditions of real life and the conditions of life reproduced by literature. Every day accidents of the most commonplace and unexpected kind upset the destiny of

numbers of persons in a simple and tragic manner; a carriage is overturned, a train runs off the rails, a ship founders, a terrible illness occurs. It would seem, therefore, that the employment of incidents such as these is authorised in fiction; and yet it is not so. When an author makes use of these means it is highly probable that the reader will remain incredulous. He sees in incidents thus presented a mere artifice. This is so generally recognised that when some unusual event occurs we continually hear the remark made by people who know nothing of æsthetics, "If that were met with in a book it would not be believed." The reason of this is that real life has no need to justify the facts it presents to us, however improbable they may be. They are facts, and that is enough. For instance, if a criminal condemned to death is saved, just as he is about to mount the scaffold, by an earthquake, that would be an extraordinary circumstance, but if it took place, it took place, and thus could not be disputed. On the other hand, fiction, if its incidents are to appear truthful, has to blend them together with so much skill that the accidental itself must appear not only possible but probable. This is why novelists and dramatists are so ready to have recourse to love. Everyone knows by experience how much this passion favours the unexpected. Ungovernable and irregular, the very defect which renders it so redoubtable in real life renders it incomparably useful in the novel and the drama. It is accepted as fatal, hazardous, and incoherent. A reader who would consider it a clumsy trick if in the midst of a narrative one of the characters broke his leg, or lost his fortune, would consider it quite natural if that same character fell in love, no matter what his time of life might be. It must be admitted that it is difficult for a narrator to abandon a source of incidents which of themselves, as it were, inspire belief, especially if we remember that the chief merit of a work of fiction is to convey the impression that what is related happened in that manner and in no other.

A final reason closely akin to the preceding may be adduced in order to explain why such a large space is occupied by love in the novel and the drama; it is the facility with which sympathy may be touched by the delineation of that sentiment. This point has also been much discussed, and the question has often been asked

whether the novel and the stage can dispense with "sympathetic characters," that is to say, characters which the reader and the spectator adopt and attach themselves to, through good and evil fortune. Here again we must go to statistics, and I think it will be found that not a single novel or play is considered a masterpiece which fails to arouse sympathy. Moreover, a work totally devoid of this element would be a paradox. What motive in fact could the author himself have in writing the work if it had not some attraction to instigate him? In every work of fiction—the ancients recognised this long ago—there has been first of all personal labour, the faculty of the narrator to be himself captivated by his own work has been exercised. As Horace says :—

> Si vis me flere, dolendum est
> Primum ipsi tibi.

"I shall be interested in your characters only to the same extent as you yourself, their creator, are interested in them." Literary history verifies this law and shows us that the great authors whose creations have, as Balzac said, added without legal formality to the population, are the first to be captivated by those creations. Everyone recollects the anecdote of that same Balzac, who, one day meeting a friend, said to him with a sadness that was not put on, "I have just killed Lucien de Rubempré. I feel very miserable." These gifted creators have thus had sympathies and antipathies roused by their own characters, just as by persons in real life, and that is why they arouse similar sentiments among their admirers. No writer, however heedless he may be, fails to take into account this necessity of sympathy directly he takes pen in hand, and no author fails to perceive at once that of all sentiments it is love which arouses sympathy most readily and most surely. If, indeed, it does not occupy the largest place in the sum total of existence, it occupies the sweetest place; is the most closely associated with ideas of youth, beauty, devotion; and for a period more or less long exercises the widest influence upon human destiny. The ambitious man and the miser, for instance, remain ambitious and miserly until their death, while the lover is in love only for a time. But ambition and avarice are met

with only among a few, while love, or the dream of love, is met with among us all, including at some time or other even the ambitious man himself and the miser. The emotions inseparable from love may thus be felt by every reader and every spectator. Either in their present or their past, they find the traces of this passion with a joy which justifies the famous line of Boileau :—

Tout Paris pour Chimène eut les yeux de Rodrigue.

The author of *L'Art Poëtique* has epitomised in a striking manner, with which everyone is familiar, the kind of impression which the dramatist or novelist endeavours, instinctively or with premeditation, to produce when the interest excited by love enters into fiction.

The conclusion to be drawn from these remarks, in which it must again be stated the attempt has been made to deal especially with the technical side of the question, is that a work of fiction without love will always remain exceptional.

An author who undertakes to dispense with love is like a chess-player who consents to play a game without the Queen. But this very difficulty is of a kind to tempt, and it has tempted, certain great artists. Perhaps we are approaching a time when temptations of this kind will multiply, not because those great artists will be more frequently met with, but because the art of fiction is likely to undergo considerable modification. Indeed, it may be remarked that the tendency of the modern spirit is to enlarge more and more the domain of the novel ; for instance, is not an attempt now made to introduce into it studies of intellectual emotion which formerly had no place there? The success of certain works devoted to religious questions of conscience like *Robert Elsmere*, or to vast pictures of social and military life like the *Germinal* of Zola and the *War and Peace* of Tolstoi, is a sign of a transformation in this class of literature which is still quite modern, for it is scarcely a hundred years old. We deem it possible, therefore, that a greater number of works will appear in which the emotion of ideas will be preferred to that of sentiments, and the element of love will be withdrawn from such works for the very reason which most frequently leads to its employment now, that is, to increase the interest. If we suppose

that a novelist wishes, for instance, to take that fine theme, the loss or the acquisition of an individual faith, it is certain that the suppression of all feminine influence will increase the beauty of his analysis, by concentrating the drama upon a single passion, the passion for the Truth. In like manner much originality may be exhibited in depicting a politician such as Frederick II., or Napoleon, or, in our own time, Prince Bismarck, under the influence of an ambition which no sentimental consideration can disturb. Even the pictures of a social novel like *Germinal* cannot but gain by the suppression of love. But if such subjects are very elevated, they are also very rare, and it may well be asked whether the art of fiction, in thus expanding, is not likely to lose its own characteristics, and become undistinguishable from philosophy, history, or politics. Should we not rather desire that, notwithstanding the monotony of this love interest, the novelists and dramatists will continue to tell us of the joys and sorrows of their Romeos and Juliets, as the Spring continues, notwithstanding the monotony of the adornment, to deck itself with leaves and flowers every month of May? We must not forget that grace and charm are essential to the art of fiction, and that without grace and charm it loses what constitutes its legitimate claims to recognition, side by side with positive science and the other utilitarian arts.

PAUL BOURGET.

NATHAN BROWN.

THE MISSIONARY IN ASSAM.

THE name of Nathan Brown was well known some thirty years ago, both among missionaries and students of the science of language in England. And if a man's fame depended on the work which he has done, on his self-sacrifice, his unflagging industry, his devotion to the highest ideals, Nathan Brown's name ought indeed to retain a permanent place among the worthies of the nineteenth century. But though his name is little known now, and may in time be buried altogether in oblivion, the work he has done will remain as a permanent and safe foundation for those who follow after him. His *Life*, which has been published at Philadelphia,* may soon be no more than one of the many tombstones piled up on the shelves of our libraries. People will read the name, ask perhaps who was Nathan Brown, and pass on. But work done is better than name and fame, and few have done such solid work, both as a missionary and a student of language, as Nathan Brown.

At the present moment his *Life* acquires an additional interest, because most of Nathan Brown's active years as a missionary were spent among those half-savage tribes between the Brahmaputra and the Irrawaddi, who just now are giving so much trouble at Manipur. He knew them better than anyone, both from their dark and their bright side, during the long time that he worked among them, learning their languages, translating portions of the Bible into their

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* *The Whole World Kin. A Pioneer Experience among Remote Tribes, and Other Labours of Nathan Brown.* Philadelphia, 1890.

dialects, and gaining some converts among them who, like scattered and forgotten seeds, may still bear fruit in the distant future.

Nathan Brown was born in 1807. His parents lived in a log-cabin high up on the breezy hills of the "wilderness town" of Whitingham, Vermont. He was brought up as a farmer boy, and from his earliest youth he breathed the vigorous atmosphere of a pious Puritanical home.

"Farm-life," we are told by his biographer, "with its varied employments, was then more picturesque and exciting than it can be in the present generation. First, a comfortable home had to be built to take the place of the log-cabin of the pioneers. Meantime, not only the food but the clothing of the family was raised from the soil and manufactured at home. Fields of flax were cultivated to supply material for the family linen, which, as well as the wool, was spun and woven at the homestead. Firm and substantial clothing was thus provided, but the children could not eat the bread of idleness, and even their beloved books must often be read by snatches. What wonder that one of the Waverley novels proved more attractive to Sophia, one of Nathan's sisters, than the spinning-wheel, and was laughingly unearthed from the heap of rolls of wool where the mother had hidden it, or that the *Scottish Chiefs* accompanied Nathan and William to the field and rendered but indifferent assistance in clearing it of rocks.'

The description of this primitive and yet intellectual and spiritual life of the Brown family is very attractive. But we must hasten on to Nathan Brown's own life. Though he was meant at first to be brought up as a farmer, he soon showed such a decided love for study that an arrangement was made with Priest Wood, a venerable, white-haired pastor in the adjoining town of Halifax, by which Nathan was to reside with that clergyman, be fitted by him for college, and, in return, cut and saw wood, and do other *chores* about the premises. At seventeen he was admitted to Williams College as a sophomore, and after three years of successful study he became a schoolmaster, chiefly in order to pay off the debt incurred in obtaining his education. At one of the schools where he taught, he met his future wife, Eliza Ballard, likewise a teacher. They were married in 1830.

But their life was not meant to be passed in the quiet home they had founded for themselves. Missionary papers, which were eagerly read among their relations and friends, brought them the

news of Judson's labours in Burma. Judson wanted help, and called for labourers in the field which he had opened. And far away in Brandon a young schoolmaster, sitting by his young wife, wrote to his father: "What Christian can read the late appeals from Mr. Judson and not feel a desire to go and stand for the help of the Lord against the mighty? For one, I cannot think of staying back." And what he said he did. An application was made to the Board of Missions. Both Mr. and Mrs. Brown were accepted. In 1832 he began at the Newton Theological Seminary his preparation for the work that was waiting for him in Burma, and, after being ordained, he and his young wife and child sailed from Boston to Burma.

We need not dwell on the voyage, nor on their arrival at Calcutta, and the visit they paid to the famous old missionaries, Dr. Marshman and William Carey, at Serampore. They soon left Calcutta, and sailed straight to Moulmein, where, on June 16th, 1833, they were received by Mr. Judson, the missionary, whom they were to help in his work.

The native life at Moulmein fifty years ago and the simple occupations of the missionaries in their compound are well described. Mr. Brown's chief object was to learn Burmese, while, at the same time, he had to help Mr. Judson in his school, and in distributing tracts. They were making converts among the Burmese, who were chiefly Buddhists, and among the Karens, who had but few religious ideas of their own, but had been imbibing a taste for Brahmanism. In two years Mr. Brown had mastered the language, and in 1834 we find him going up the Irrawaddi river, staying at Rangoon, Prome, and Ava, the Golden Ava (January 6th, 1835), and returning to Moulmein on February 20th. But he was not destined to remain long among his Burmese converts and friends. New arrangements had to be made. An invitation came from Assam through Mr. (afterwards Sir) Charles Trevelyan to send missionaries there; and, without a moment's hesitation, Mr. Brown gave up his Burmese work, and embarked for his new vocation among the half-savage tribes of Assam.

Here his knowledge of Burmese was, of course, quite useless to him, and he began at once to study the language of the Shans, and

sailed with his family, his wife and two children, to Calcutta. There were many tragic events in the life of this devoted couple, but they are not dwelt on long. The very day before their departure their little boy died, and, after burying him, they had to hurry off on their voyage to reach the new field of their missionary labours in Assam.

Mr. Judson thus describes the missionary field at that time:—

"Brother Brown embraced the proposal with instant enthusiasm. Assam presents a splendid opening for missionary efforts, and Brother Brown is excellently well qualified to take the lead in that great and important mission. My heart leaps for joy and glows with gratitude and praise to God when I think of Brother Jones at Bangkok, in the southern extremity of the continent, and Brother Brown at Sudiya, in Assam, on the frontiers of China—immensely distant points—and of all the intervening stations, Ava, Rangoon, Kyouk Phyoo, Moulmein, and Tavoy, and the churches and schools which are springing up in every station, and throughout the Karen wilderness. Happy lot, to live in these days!"

While in Calcutta, Mr. Brown had carried on his study of the Shan language, and he soon discovered how closely several of the languages of Farther India are related to each other. He also, in conjunction with Mr. Trevelyan, devised a Roman alphabet for writing Oriental languages, an alphabet which has since been applied to at least one hundred and twenty languages and dialects of the East.

Their journey from Calcutta up the Brahmaputra was eight hundred miles inland. They left Calcutta, November 20th, 1835, and after stopping but once, at Gauhati, they arrived at Sudiyah, their future home, March 23rd, 1836.

Sudiyah lies near the borders of Tibet, in sight of the white domes of the Himalaya range. The outlying domes and towers of this many-gabled and ice-tiled "roof of the world" recede before the vision, and leave at the exact north point a pass, through which the Dibong rushes to join its kindred torrents. The lower, nearer spurs of the mountains are thickly wooded to the base, and the valley also, at that time, was for the most part a dense, tangled, forest jungle of caoutchouc, bamboo, and palms, inhabited by tigers, bears, buffaloes, wild elephants, and rhinoceros.

Here and there there was a clearing, containing a native village. Inhabiting the north-western hills were the fierce Abors. Southward, in the valley of the Buri-Dihing, were the Singphos; beyond them the Nagas, and southward still, the main body of Shans, an outlying tribe of whom, called Khamtis, lived in the vicinity of Sudiyah.

Here the Browns settled. They were in a hostile country, exposed to the attacks of savages, and to the ravages of a malarious climate. They had to build their own houses, to make their own axes, to cut their own timber, to bake their own bricks. Still they were not dismayed, and they succeeded in erecting a house for themselves, and a schoolhouse for native pupils. The chief difficulty arose from the multiplicity of languages spoken all around them. They had learnt Assamese, but there were Nagas, Mishmis, Khasias, Mikirs, all speaking different dialects, and many of them willing to learn if only they could have been taught. New missionaries arrived, but their health gave way under the trying climate. The Browns, too, were often on the point of death, without doctors or apothecaries to help them, and their distress of mind must have been intense when they lost another child, Dorothy Sophia. Next came political disturbances, war with Burma on one side, and with Dost Mohammed on the other. Even the remotest stations of the British possessions felt the fever-pulse of war. On January 28th Mr. and Mrs. Brown were suddenly roused out of quiet sleep by the dreadful yell and war-cry of savages. In a few minutes the whole of the cantonments and numerous buildings round about appeared to be in flames. Catching up a few warm articles of clothing, and a canister of biscuits, they ran with their two infant children to the bank of the Kuril River. Fortunately, the savages were beaten back by the English garrison, and the missionaries found shelter in the stockade. The savages had no firearms; their weapons were battle-axes, knives, and long, light spears, the points poisoned with aconite. Though the first danger was over, alarms continued, and it was unsafe to sleep without guns and pistols by the beds. Fields and villages were deserted. The Khamtis, Singphos, and Mishmis combined plundered and carried off the peaceful inhabitants. The mis-

sionaries had no more work to do. All that they had planted was destroyed, and they decided at last to leave Sudiyah, and establish themselves at Jeipur. What savages they were with whom the missionaries had to deal may be gathered from the fact that these fiends three times broke open and disturbed the grave of the little daughter whom the Browns lost at Sudiyah; so that the parents were obliged to keep the small coffin in their house till the mother carried it with her on a journey to America, and had the remains buried in the quiet churchyard of their native village.

Some of these tribes in the valleys of Assam walked about almost unclad. Others had their ornaments and weapons, and lived in a constant state of warfare. They would combine for a time, then break up their confederacy, and fight against each other till they were almost exterminated. Though some of them knew how to cultivate the soil, they never laid up stores, and when a famine came upon them they simply died by hundreds. The Brahmans in some places had gained considerable influence over them, and after a time admitted some of these savage tribes to participate in a kind of caste.

In some places to kill a cow would be certain death, in others it would attract no attention. One of Mr. Brown's friends, an English physician, not yet familiar with the strength and passion of religious conviction in the Hindu mind, rashly flew in the face of it by butchering a cow at cantonments. The Sepoys, first horrified and then maddened by this sacrilegious crime, formed an enraged mob and surrounded his house, from which he was obliged to flee for his life.

The customs and prejudices prevalent among the inhabitants of Assam exhibit a strange mixture of Brahmanical and non-Brahmanical elements. The original population, sometimes called Indo-Chinese, points to a Northern origin, but their barbarism is interpenetrated by veins of Indian civilisation.

Thus Assamese etiquette requires that the guest, on entering the house of a superior, should call out, "Lord, O lord, we have come," and should then make a salaam by touching the fingers of the right hand to the forehead and bowing the head halfway to the ground. After visitors are seated on the floor, betel-nut is served to them as

a mark of hospitality. On leaving, the salaam is repeated, and when outside, the retiring visitor calls out, "*Iswor, O Iswor, ahirbad dia.*" (God, O God, give Thy blessing!)

The morning greeting to a friend is "*Bhat kala na?*" (Have you eaten your rice?) Women kiss by joining the ends of the fingers of the right hand, kissing them, and then waving or throwing the kiss.

No family names are known. Even the given name is seldom used. The wife is addressed by her husband as *peio* or *honai*, dearest or golden; he speaks of her as the mother of his oldest child, for instance, *Sokú-mak*, the Sokú-mother. A wife considers it so irreverent to pronounce the name of her husband that it is almost impossible to persuade her to tell what it is. She speaks of him as *Teu*, the honorific pronoun for "he." Whatever his affection for her, she fills a servile place. In the lower castes, she performs field and other outdoor labours, waits upon her husband when he eats and afterwards partakes of what he has left.

The dialects spoken are all full of Sanskrit words. Assamese is really a kind of Bengali. But the foundation of the native dialects is totally different. Thus the Senaputty, of whom we have heard so much lately, is the Sanskrit *senâ-pati*, lord of the army. The Jubraj is the *Yuva-râja*, the young king.

But there is also a strong Buddhist element. Buddhist priests settled in Assam, and erected magnificent temples as rallying points for the natives. Some of the chiefs and kinglets, supported by their priests, whether Brahmans or Buddhists, kept up magnificent establishments. They generally received the missionaries with kindness and hospitality, but, though they themselves were ready to discuss religious questions with them, they objected to the people accepting their tracts. Some of these discussions are interesting. Thus, on one occasion Mr. Brown asked a Brahman:

"Are there three Gods or one?"

"One God," was the reply

"Were Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva all the same?"

"Yes, the same God in three forms."

"Do not your shasters speak of a Supreme God?"

"Yes."

"Is this Supreme Being visible or invisible, corporeal or incorporeal?"

"He is invisible and incorporeal—without eyes He sees, without ears He hears, without feet He moves and whatever is His will that comes to pass," was the reply of this heathen man, who had never seen the Bible, yet was clearly aware of the existence of the one Supreme God, and that He is a Spirit.

"This is the God," Mr. Brown continued, "whose religion I have come to preach—the invisible, incorporeal Being, Who is the Maker and Lord of all."

A new life began when the Browns settled at Jeipur in 1839, but it was a life sadly checkered by domestic afflictions, such as one hopes few missionaries have to go through, and few could have borne with truer Christian fortitude and quiet submission than the Browns. From Jeipur they had to move to a healthier station at Sibsagar. Wherever they were, Mr. Brown carried with him his printing-press, and as soon as he had learnt a new language or dialect, he translated portions of the Bible and Christian hymns, which he distributed among the natives. He also carried on his more serious linguistic studies, and elaborated a comparative vocabulary of three hundred words in about thirty different dialects. The results of his grammatical researches, which he communicated to the learned world from time to time in various journals, have been summarised in my Letter to Chevalier Bunsen, *On the Turanian Languages*, published in 1856.

Among Nathan Brown's archæological researches, the opening of a number of burial mounds of the former Kings of Assam should be mentioned. Such mounds are unknown among a Brahmanical population, where the dead are burnt. But the ancient Assamese built mounds over the dead bodies. They first made a small heap over the tomb or skeleton, then laid on the earth in successive layers from six inches to a foot thick, making every layer even and symmetrical. The first layers are composed of loam gathered from the surface, next the hard pan, clay, sand, or whatever lies beneath it; then, perhaps, surface soil from a new locality, and so on till the desired size is obtained. This naturally produces an appearance of stratification, very different from the virgin soil. Thirteen of these

royal tombs were opened during Mr. Brown's residence in Assam, and he was told that in one tomb "the backs of three elephants were broken with the weight of the treasures it contained."

His chief occupation, however, was preaching by the wayside, disputing now and then with learned Brahmans, Buddhists, and Mohammedans, and gaining influence among the aboriginal inhabitants, whose religious ideas were of the vaguest character. In 1844 Mr. Brown made a missionary tour from Sibsagar to Gauhati, two hundred miles, mostly on foot, and there can be no doubt that his preaching and teaching were successful, so that a small congregation of native converts gathered around him. Unfortunately he was then separated from his wife and children, who were sent back to America to recruit their health. His wife returned to Sibsagar in 1849, but without the children. The two carried on their work together for many years, till at last in 1855 Mr. Brown's health broke down so completely that he had to tear himself away from his labours in Assam and return to America. There, after a time, his health improved, and we see him once more in 1872 gathering up his strength for missionary work, and starting for Japan. The description of his life in Japan is full of interest, but not so different from that of other missionaries as it was when he lived on the shores of the Brahmaputra and the Irrawaddi. He acquired a knowledge of Japanese in his old age, and succeeded in translating large portions of the Bible and writing a number of Christian hymns for his new converts. He died peacefully in 1886, and like many missionaries who during a long life have had to face the great problems of religion, and to give straight answers to straight questions, he became more and more tolerant, less and less addicted to mere formulas of faith. One of his last utterances was :—

"I think the Bible will emerge from the dust and haze which has been thrown around it ; but it will emerge a very different book, or rather collection of books, from what either Protestant or Papist makes it."

F. MAX MÜLLER.

A REMEMBRANCE.

IT was in the vastness of Westminster Hall that I saw her for the first time—saw her pointed face, her red hair, her brilliant teeth. The next time was in her own home—a farmhouse that had been rebuilt and was half a villa. At the back were wheat stacks, a noisy thrashing machine, a pigeon cot, and stables, whence, with jangle of harness and cries of yokels, the great farm horses always seemed to be coming from or going to their work on the downs. In a garden planted with variegated firs she tended her flowers all day; and in the parlour where we assembled in the evening, her husband smoked his pipe in silence; the young ladies, their blonde hair hanging down their backs, played waltzes; she alone talked, her conversation was effusive, her laughter abundant and bright. I had only just turned eighteen, and was deeply interested in religious problems, and one day I told her that the book I carried in my pocket, and sometimes pretended to study, was Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*. My explanation of the value of the work did not seem to strike her, and her manifest want of interest in the discussion of religious problems surprised me, for she passed for a religious woman and I failed to understand how mere belief could satisfy anyone. One day, in the greenhouse, whither I had wandered, she interrupted some allusion to the chapter entitled "The Deduction of the Categories" with a burst of laughter, and declared that she would call me Kant. The nickname was not adopted by the rest of the family—another was invented which appealed more to their imagination—but she held to the name she had given me, and during the course of our long friendship never addressed me by any other.

There was no reason why I should have become the friend of

these people. We were opposed in character and temperament, but somehow we seemed to suit. There was little reflection on either side; certainly there was none on mine; at that time I was incapable of any; my youth was a vague dream, and my friends were the shadows in the dream. I saw and understood them only as one sees and understands the summer clouds when, lying at length in the tall grass, the white witches curl over the edge of the distant horizon. In such mood, visit succeeded visit, and before I was aware, the old Squire who walked about the Downs in a tall hat died, and my friends moved into the family place, distant about a hundred yards—an Italian house, sheltered among the elms that grew along the seashore. And in their new house they became to me more real than shadows; they were then like figures on a stage, and the building of the new wing and the planting of the new garden interested me as might an incident in a play; and I left them as I might leave a play, taking up another thread in life, thinking very little of them, if I thought at all. Years passed, and after a long absence abroad I met them by chance in London.

Again visit succeeded visit. My friends were the same as when I had left them; their house was the same, the conduct of their lives was the same. I do not think I was conscious of any change, until, one day, walking with one of the girls in the garden, a sensation of home came upon me. I seemed always to have known these people; they seemed part and parcel of my life. It was a sudden and enchanting awaking of love; life seemed to lengthen out like the fields at dawn and to become distinct and real in many new and unimagined ways. Above all, I was surprised to find myself admiring her who, fifteen years ago, had appeared to me not a little dowdy. She was now fifty-five, but such an age seemed impossible for so girl-like a figure and such young and effusive laughter. I was, however, sure that she was fifteen years older than when I first saw her, but those fifteen years had brought each within range of the other's understanding and sympathy. We became companions. I noticed what dresses she wore and told her which I liked her best in. She was only cross with me when I surprised her in the potting shed, wearing an old bonnet,

out of which hung a faded poppy. She used to cry, "Don't look at me, Kant. I know I'm like an old gipsy woman."

"You look charming," I said, "in that old bonnet."

She put down the watering can and laughingly took it from her head. "It is a regular show!"

"Not at all. You look charming when working in the greenhouse. . . . I like you better like that than when you are dressed to go to Brighton."

"Do you? . . . I thought you liked me best in my new black silk."

"I think I like you equally well at all times."

We looked at each other. There was an accent of love in our friendship. "And strange, is it not?" I said, "I did not admire you half as much when I knew you first."

"How was that? I was quite a young woman then."

"Yes," I said, regretting my own words; "but don't you see, at that time I was a mere boy—I lived in a dream, hardly seeing what passed around me."

"Yes, of course," she said, gaily, "you were so young then, all you saw in me was a woman with a grown-up son."

Her dress was pinned up, she held in her hand the bonnet which she said made her look like an old gipsy woman, and the sunlight fell on the red hair, now grown a little thinner, but each of the immaculate teeth was an elegant piece of statuary, and not a wrinkle was there on that pretty vixen-like face. Her figure especially showed no signs of age, and if she and her daughters were in the room it was she that I admired.

One day, while seeking through the store-room for a sheet of brown paper to pack up a book in, I came across a pile of old *Athenæums*. Had I happened upon a set of drawings by Raphael I could not have been more astonished. Not one, but twenty copies of the *Athenæum* in a house where never a book was read. I looked at the dates—three-and-thirty years ago. At that moment she was gathering some withering apples from the floor.

"Whoever," I cried, "could have left these copies of the *Athenæum* here?"

"Oh, they are my *Athenæums*," she said. "I always used to read the *Athenæum* when I was engaged to be married to Mr. Bartlett. You must have heard of him—he wrote that famous book about the Euphrates. I was very fond of reading in those days, and he and I used to talk about books in the old garden at Wandsworth. It is all built over now."

This sudden discovery of dead tastes and sympathies seemed to draw us closer together, and in the quietness of the store-room, amid the odour of the apples, her face flushed with all the spirit of her girlhood and I understood her as if I had lived it with her.

"You must have been a delightful girl. I believe if I had known you then I should have asked you to marry me."

"I believe you would, Kant. . . . So you thought because I never read books now that I had never read any? You have no idea how fond of books I was once, and if I had married Mr. Bartlett I believe I should have been quite a blue-stocking. But then Dick came, and my father thought it a more suitable match, and I had young children to look after. We were very poor in those days: the old Squire never attempted to help us."

At this time I seemed to be always with my friends; I came to see them when I pleased, and sometimes I stayed a week, sometimes I stayed six months; but however long my visit they said it was not long enough. The five o'clock from London brought me down in time for dinner, and I used to run up to my room just as if I were a member of the family. If I missed this train and came down by the six o'clock, I found them at dinner, and then the lamplight seemed to accentuate our affectionate intimacy, and to pass round the table, shaking hands with them all, was in itself a peculiar delight. On one of these occasions, missing her from her place, I said, "Surely you have not allowed her to remain till this hour in the garden?"

I was told that she was ill, and had for the last fortnight been confined to her room. Several days passed; allusion to her illness became more frequent; and then I heard that the local doctor would accept the responsibility no longer, and had demanded a

consultation with a London physician. But she would not hear of so much expense for her sake, and declared herself to be quite sufficiently well to go to London.

The little pony carriage took her to the station, and I saw her in the waiting-room, wrapped up in shawls. She was ashamed to see me, but in truth the disease had not changed her as she thought it had. There are some who are so beautiful that disease cannot deform them, and she was endowed with such exquisite life that she would turn to smile back on you over the brink of the grave.

We thought the train was taking her from us for ever, but she came back hopeful. Operation had been pronounced unnecessary, but she remained in her room many days before the medicine had reduced her sufficiently to allow her to come downstairs. Nearly a month passed, and then she appeared looking strangely well; and every day she grew better until she regained her girlish figure and the quick dance of movement which was a grace and a joy in the silent peacefulness of the old house. Her grace and lightness were astonishing, and one day, coming down, dressed to go in the carriage, she raced across the library, opened her escritoire, hunting through its innumerable drawers for one of the sums of money which she kept there wrapped up in pieces of paper.

"How nice you look! You are quite well now, and your figure is like a girl of fifteen."

She turned and looked at me with that love in her face which an old woman feels for a young man who is something less and something more to her than her son. As a flush of summer lingers in autumn's face, so does a sensation of sex fleet in such an affection. There is something strangely tender in the yearning of the young man for the decadent charms of her whom he regards as the mother of his election, and who, at the same time, suggests to him the girl he would have loved if time had not robbed him of her youth. There is a waywardness in such an affection that formal man knows not of.

I remember that day, for it was the last time I saw her beautiful. Soon after we noticed that she did not quite recover, and we thought it was because she did not take her medicine

regularly. She spent long hours alone in her greenhouse, the hot sun playing fiercely on her back, and we supplicated—I was the foremost among the supplicators—that she should not carry the heavy flower-pots to and fro, nor cans of water from the tank at the bottom of the garden, and to save her I undertook to water her flowers for her. But she was one of those who would do everything herself, who thought that if she did not shut the door it was not properly shut. She was always speaking of her work. "If I leave my work," she would say, "even for one week, everything gets so behindhand that I despair of ever being able to make up the arrear. The worst of it is that no one can take up my work where I leave off." And as she grew worse this idea developed until it became a kind of craze. At last, speculating on the strength of our friendship, I told her her life belonged to her husband and children, and that she had no right to squander it in this fashion. I urged that with ordinary forbearance she might live for twenty years, but at the present rate of force-expenditure she could not hope to live long. I spoke brutally, but she smiled, knowing how much I loved her; and looking back, it seems to me she must have known she could not be saved, and preferred to give the last summer of her life entirely to her flowers. It was pathetic to see her, poor moribund one, sitting through the long noons alone, the sun beating in upon her through the fiery glass, tending her flowers. I remember how she used to come in in the evenings, exhausted, and lie down on the little sofa. Her husband, with an anxious, quiet, kindly look in his eyes, used to draw the skirt over her feet and sit down at her feet, tender, loving, soliciting the right to clasp her hand, as if they had not been married thirty years but were only sweethearts. At that time we used all to implore her to allow us to send for the London doctor, and I remember how proud I was when she looked up and said, "Very well, Kant, it shall be as you wish it." I remember, too, waiting by the little wood at the corner of the lane where I should be sure to meet the doctor as he came up from the station. The old elms were beautiful with green, the sky was beautiful with blue, and we lingered, looking out on the fair pasturage where the sheep moved so peacefully, and with the

exquisite warmth of the summer in our flesh we talked of her who was to die.

"Is it, then, incurable?"

"There is no such thing as cure. . . . We cannot create, we can only stimulate an existent force, and every time we stimulate we weaken, and so on until exhaustion. Our drugs merely precipitate the end."

"Then there is no hope?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Can she live for five years?"

"I should think it extremely improbable."

"What length of life do you give her?"

"You are asking too much. . . . I should say about a year."

The doctor passed up the leafy avenue. I remained looking at the silly sheep, seeing in all the green landscape only a dark, narrow space. That day I saw her for the last time. She was sitting on a low chair, very ill indeed, and the voice, weak, but still young and pure, said: "Is that you, Kant? Come round here and let me look at you." Amid my work in London, I used to receive letters from my friends, letters telling me of the march of the disease, and with each letter death grew more and more realisable until her death seemed to stand in person before me. It could not be much longer delayed, and the letter came which told me that "Mother was not expected to live through the winter." Soon after came another letter: "Mother will not live another month"; and this was followed by a telegram: "Mother is dying, come at once."

It was a bleak and gusty afternoon in the depth of winter, and the Sunday train stopped at every station, and the journey dragged its jogging length of four hours out to the weary end. The little station shivered by an icy sea, and going up the lane the wind rattled and beat my face like an iron. I hurried, looking through the trees for the lights that would shine across the park if she were not dead, and welcome indeed to my eyes were the gleaming yellow squares. Slipping in the back way, and meeting the butler in the passage, I said, "How is she?"

"Very bad indeed, sir."

She did not die that night, nor the next, nor yet the next, and as we waited for death, slow but sure of foot, to come and take what remained of her from us, I thought often of the degradation that these lingering deaths impose upon the watchers, and how they force into disgraceful prominence all that is animal in us. For however great our grief may be, we must eat and drink and must even talk of other things than the beloved one whom we are about to lose. We could not escape from our shameful nature and, eating and drinking we commented on the news that came hourly from the sick room: "Mother will not live the week." A few days after: "Mother will hardly get over Sunday"; and the following week: "Mother will not pass the night." Lunch was the meal that shocked me most, and I often thought: "She is dying upstairs while we are eating jam-tarts."

One day I had to ride over the Downs for some letters, and when, on my return, I walked in from the stables, I met her son. He was in tears, and sobbing, he said: "My dear old chap, it is all over—she is gone." I took his hand and burst into tears. Then one of her daughters came downstairs and I was told how she had passed away. A few hours before sleeping she had asked for a silk thread: for thirty years she always passed one between her beautiful teeth. Her poor arms were shrunken to the very bone and were not larger than a little child's. Haggard and over-worn, she was lifted up and the silk was given to her, and the glass was held before her, but her eyes were glazed with death and she fell back exhausted. Then her breathing grew thicker, and at last and quite suddenly she realised that she was about to die; and looking round wildly, not seeing those who were collected about her bed, she said, "Oh, to die when so much remains undone. How will they get on without me!"

I helped to write the letters, so melancholy, so conventional, and expressing so little of our grief, the while the girls sat weaving wreaths for the dead, and at every hour wreaths and letters of sympathy arrived. The girls went upstairs where the dead lay, and when they returned they told me how beautiful their mother looked. And during those dreadful days how many times did I refuse to look on

her dead? My memory of her was of an intensely living thing, and I could not be persuaded to sacrifice it. We thought the day would never come, but it came. There was a copious lunch, cigars were smoked, the crops, the price of lambs and the hunting, which the frost had much interfered with, were alluded to furtively, and the conversation was interspersed with references to the excellent qualities of the deceased. I remember the weather was beautiful, full of pure sunlight, with the colour of the coming spring in the face of the heavens. And the funeral procession wound along the barren sea road, the lily-covered coffin, on a trolly, drawn by the estate labourers. That day every slightest line and every colour of that bitter, barren coast impressed themselves on my mind, and I saw, more distinctly than I had ever done before, the old church with red-brown roof and square dogmatic tower, the forlorn village, the grey undulations of the dreary hills, whose ring of trees showed aloft like a plume. In the church the faces of the girls were discomposed with grief and they wept hysterically in each other's arms. The querulous voice of the organ, the hideous hymn, and the grating voice of the aged parson, standing in white surplice on the altar steps! Dear heart! I saw thee in thy garden while others looked into that sunless hole, and old men, white-haired and tottering, impelled by senile curiosity, pressed forward and looked down into that comfortless hole.

Outside the church the crowd quickly dispersed; the relatives and the friends of the deceased, as they returned home, sought those who were most agreeable and sympathetic, and matters of private interest were discussed. Those who had come from a distance consulted their watches, and an apology to life was implicit in their looks, and the time they had surrendered to something outside of life evidently struck them as being strangely disproportionate. The sunlight laughed along the sea, and the young corn was thick in the fields, the leaves were beginning in the branches; larks rose higher and higher, disappearing in the pale air, and as we approached the plantations the amorous cawing of the rooks sounded pleasantly in the ear. The appearance of death in the spring time, at the moment when the world renews its life, touched my soul with that keen anguish which the familiar spectacle

will never fail to cause as long as a human heart beats beneath the heavens. And dropping behind the chattering crowd, that in mourning weeds wended its way through the sad spring landscape, I thought of her whom I had loved so long and should never see again. I thought of memory as a shrine where we can worship without shame; of friendship, and of the pure escapement it offers us from our natural instincts; I remembered that there is love other than that which the young man offers to her he would take to wife, and I thought how much more intense and strangely personal was my love of her than the love which that day I saw the world offering to its creatures.

GEORGE MOORE.

THEATRE FIRES: THEIR CAUSES AND REMEDIES.

THE recent record of fires and other casualties in theatres presents many points of the deepest interest for the consideration of those who seek to derive practical instruction from current events.

Last year opened ominously with no less than three theatre fires on the first day, but, although two of the buildings were totally destroyed, there was, fortunately, no loss of life. For the rest there has been nothing specially remarkable or strange; but there is a decided addition to information collected in previous years, and this accumulation of facts all tending in the same direction has now reached such a point that it has become quite possible to formulate "laws" as governing these events. For instance, if a theatre is built on sound principles, suitably provided with fire-extinguishing appliances, and well managed, a panic does not cause loss of life; and this is not the only "law" that may be evolved out of the evidence which is now available.

The casualties in theatres during the year 1890 were as follows:—

1.	Wed., Jan.	1	Zurich.	Totally destroyed.
2.	,, ,,	1	Porth, Rhondda Valley.	Nearly destroyed.
3.	,, ,,	1	Théâtre Français, Paris.	Small fire on stage during performance.
4.	Sat., ,,	4	Rè Umberto, Florence.	Totally destroyed.
5.	Tues., ,,	7	Théâtre de la Bourse, Brussels.	Totally destroyed.
6.	,, ,,	14	Carinthia, Klagenfurt, Austria.	Panic.
7.	Thurs., Feb.	20	Communal, Amsterdam.	Totally destroyed.
8.	Sun., Mar.	16	Volks, Vienna.	Panic.
9.	Wed., April	16	Royal, Birkenhead.	Severely damaged by fire.

10.	Sat., May	31	Folies Bordelaises, Bordeaux.	Panic.
11.	Wed., June	4	Théâtre Français, Paris.	Panic.
12.	Tues., ,,	10	Variety, Brooklyn.	Totally destroyed.
13.	,, ,,	10	Park, Brooklyn.	Damaged by burning of Variety Theatre. (See No. 12.)
14.	Mon., ,,	30	Opera House, Troy, Alabama.	Totally destroyed.
15.	Sat., July	12	Grand, St. Petersburg.	Totally destroyed.
16.	Sun., Aug.	17	Queen's, Manchester.	Totally destroyed.
17.	Mon., ,,	25	McVicker's, Chicago.	Totally destroyed.
18.	Tues., ,,	26	Tokay, Hungary.	Totally destroyed.
19.	Sat., ,,	30	Oxford Music Hall, London.	Small fire in front entrance hall.
20.	Wed., Sept.	3	Tivoli Theatre of Varieties, Bremen.	Totally destroyed.
21.	Thurs., ,,	25	Châtelet, Paris.	Small fire caused by explosion.
22.	Fri., Oct.	3	Marylebone, London.	Some stage property damaged by fire in property room.
23.	,, ,,	10	Royal, Coatbridge.	Landing at top of staircase leading to gallery collapsed.
24.	Sat., ,,	11	Theatre, Croydon, Surrey.	A store-room for scenery destroyed.
25.	Tues., ,,	21	Comédie Française, Paris.	Explosion of steam pipe.
26.	Thurs., ,,	23	Lyric, London.	Small fire on stage; some scenery damaged.
27.	Fri., Nov.	7	Princess's Theatre, London.	Stage gave way during rehearsal.
28.	Sat., ,,	22	Comedia, Madrid.	Small fire on stage.
29.	Tues., Dec.	23	Alhambra Theatre of Varieties, West Hartlepool.	Explosion of gas in pay-box.
30.	Thurs., ,,	25	Amphitheatre Music Hall, Portsmouth.	Totally destroyed.

Many of the incidents in connection with these fires are subjects of the deepest importance to firemen, and will, no doubt, be studied most carefully by them, but they would hardly be of interest to the readers of a magazine, and are accordingly omitted here; but there are lessons to be derived from the events, which all who go to theatres and all who are charged with the safety of life may be glad to learn.

It is very curious and interesting to observe how from time to time various countries take up the question of safety of life in theatres. In the year 1881, one hundred and fifty persons perished at the Opera House fire in Nice, and seven hundred at the Ring Theatre fire in Vienna, and consequently great interest was shown in the general subject, and attempts were made to enact fresh laws

or to bring into active operation those already existing. France, Belgium, Germany, and Russia took the matter up, and some little was done by all, though not throughout the several parts of these respective countries, or even very thoroughly in many parts. In short, as here in England, the efforts were purely local, and were consequently characterised by local caprice and absence of sound knowledge. It is only just, however, to add that, wherever the matter was taken up at all, some distinct good was done, both by calling attention to existing dangers and by making some arrangements, however imperfect, to obviate them.

The only country which has dealt with the matter as a whole is Spain, which in 1888 gave orders concerning the Capital, allowing six months for the necessary work to be done, and at the same time intimated that the enactment was about to be extended to every city of the country. All the orders were carried out in Madrid within the specified time, and the result, from a fireman's point of view, has been eminently satisfactory; but it is no secret that the change threw a heavy charge on the occupiers of theatres, many of whom held short leases, and found themselves compelled either to close the houses or to expend a large sum on improvements for the benefit of the owners. This is one of the difficulties which constantly obstruct advancement in many other matters as well as theatres. Improvements are known to be necessary, but they are delayed because of some arrangements supposed to exist or actually existing between occupiers and owners, and in the meanwhile the confiding public believe that a paternal Government is looking after their interests, and theatres are full which, if the truth were known, would be without a single occupant.

But to come back to the question of movement or advancement. At the present moment it is found that America is foremost—not America as a whole, but that important part of it known as the United States, and of that important part only one State, that of Massachusetts, and of that State, only one city, Boston. How strange it seems that, in a matter of such serious and enduring importance to whole millions of persons, all efforts should be local and subject to local caprice. But it may be well to mention what is actually proposed or done.

The following is a summary of the report. Every building capable of holding eight hundred persons or more, and every theatre hereafter built, shall be a "first-class building"; that is to say, according to the interpretation clause, "a building of fireproof construction throughout." Unfortunately the expression fireproof construction is not itself defined in the interpretation clause, and consequently this vital point remains still dependent on the personal views of owners and the caprice of local licensing authorities. The audience hall and each compartment, division, and gallery of every such building shall respectively have at least two independent exits, as far apart as may be. Every such exit shall have a width of at least 20 inches for every hundred persons, which the hall, compartment, division, or gallery from which it leads is capable of containing, and no exit shall be less than 5ft. wide. Every theatre shall have a frontage as wide as the widest part of the auditorium, including side passages and lobbies, the whole width and height of which frontage shall be on a street or area open to the sky and at least 30ft. wide opposite the entire frontage. There shall be at least one exit on this front which shall be in no case less than 5ft. in width, and of such greater width as an allowance of 20 inches for each one hundred persons which the building may at any time contain will in the aggregate require. There shall be another independent exit of the same capacity or independent exits of the same aggregate capacity to a place open to the sky. All doors shall open outwards and shall be so placed as not to reduce the width of the passage. All aisles, stairways, and passages shall be of even or increasing width towards the exit, properly arranged for the easy egress of the audience, and of a width in respect of each division, gallery, or compartment computed according to the rule already mentioned. No aisle, or passage, rising towards its exit, except stairways from storey to storey and necessary steps in galleries and balconies, shall have a gradient within the auditorium of more than two in ten, nor elsewhere of more than one in ten. There shall be no flights of more than fifteen or less than three steps between landings, and every landing shall be at least four feet wide from step to step. All stairs and landings shall have throughout proper handrails on both

sides, firmly secured to walls or to strong posts and balusters; and stairways 12ft. or more wide shall have one or more intermediate rails not more than eight feet apart and properly supported. No boiler, furnace, engine, or heating apparatus, except steam or hot-air pipes and radiators, shall be located under the auditorium or under any passage or stairway of any exit. The lights for the rear of the auditorium and for all passages and stairways of exits shall be independent of the lights of the rest of the auditorium and of the stage, and shall be so arranged that they cannot be turned down or off from the stage. All exits shall be opened for the use of every departing audience and shall have fastenings on the inside only. Plans showing the exits and stairways shall be printed on every programme or play-bill. No temporary seats or other obstructions shall be allowed in any aisle, passage-way, or stairway, and no person shall be allowed to remain in any aisle, passage-way, or stairway during any performance.

The stage shall be separated from the auditorium by a brick wall 16in. thick, which wall shall extend the entire width and height of the building, and 2ft. 6in. above the roof, like a party wall. There shall be no openings through this wall except the curtain opening, and not more than two others, which shall be located at or below the level of the stage. These latter openings shall not exceed 21 superficial feet each, and shall be fitted with self-closing fire-proof doors securely hung to rabbets in the brickwork. All scenery, curtains, and movable woodwork of the stage shall be thoroughly covered, and, if practicable, saturated with fire-resisting material. No fixed portion of the stage shall be of wood. There shall be lobbies adjoining each division of the auditorium, separated therefrom by a partition of brick or other equally incombustible material, and sufficiently large to furnish standing room for all persons that such division may at any time contain. The proscenium or curtain opening shall have a fire-resisting curtain of incombustible material, and, if this be of iron, or similar heavy material, and made to lower from the top, it shall be so contrived as to be stopped securely at a height of 7ft. above the stage floor, and the remaining opening shall be closed by a curtain or valance of fire-resisting fabric. Such curtain shall be raised at the beginning and lowered at the end of

each and every performance, and shall be of proper material, construction, and mechanism.

All scene docks, carpenter or property shops, and wardrobes shall be separated from the stage, auditorium, and dressing-room divisions by solid brick walls not less than 12in. thick, with no openings to the auditorium or dressing-room divisions, and with self-closing fire-proof doors in the openings to the stage. All rooms for the use of actors or others employed in the building shall have at least two independent exits. There shall be one or more ventilators near the centre and above the highest portion of the stage, equal in combined area of opening to one-tenth of the area of the stage floor, and every such ventilator shall have a valve or louvre so balanced as to open automatically, and to be kept closed when not in use by a cord reaching to the prompter's desk and readily operated therefrom. The cord shall be of incombustible material, and so arranged that if it is severed the ventilator will open automatically.

The remaining regulations are also important, being those for water under constant pressure, with proper distributing mains and hydrants, and all necessary appliances in the way of hose and branches at each landing, and also for ventilation at a prescribed rate, providing 50 cubic feet per minute of outer air for each occupant and for each light other than an electric light. All these are excellent regulations and reflect the highest credit on the Commissioners who prepared them, but it remains to be seen whether the executive officials will have the courage and honesty to carry them out, on which latter point the opinion of Americans on the spot appears to be much divided.

The following statement of the Commissioners suggests strange considerations. "Our present laws, State and special, are the result of twenty years of legislation, in some parts of popular excitement, in some details of individual selfishness, and much complaint has been made of their being inadequate, confused, unintelligible, and arbitrary. We have endeavoured by rearrangement and condensation to remedy some of these difficulties, but it will be found that by far the greater part of the new draft is merely a re-enactment of the old law." If this is intended to convey that

the law is now so clear that it will bind the executive officials as well as the public, all who are interested in the safety of life may have reason to rejoice; but it shows no disrespect to suggest a wish that the wording had been a little more definite on this point.

To those who are free from such frequent elections and the changes of all officials consequent thereon, it seems strange to hear constant doubts expressed as to the integrity of officials, but in America the influence of politics is paramount, and the appointment of the executive officials charged with putting in force the enactments of the building laws depends absolutely and solely on the will of the dominant politician of the moment. That such an arrangement is not likely to produce men of integrity and practical experience admits of very little doubt; but on the other hand it is said in America that there is very little difference between the officials there and those of this country, and a story is told there of an English manager who was ordered to make large structural alterations in his theatre but never made them, and when he was called on for an explanation said, "I saw no reason to put up walls costing £150 when I could get off doing so by giving £5 to the official who ordered them."

This is probably an untrue story, but whether true or not it points to a difficulty which must always arise when the enforcement of the law is in the hands of incapable or dishonest executive officials, and this is still as it has always been, the really crucial point in the whole case. The Boston laws here quoted appear to be quite perfect, and it is to be earnestly hoped that their enforcement will be entrusted to proper hands; but so many failures in this matter have taken place in so many countries that there is no special reason to be confident now, even though one of the most enlightened cities of the world has taken energetic measures. The prospects, however, are better than at any previous time, and there seems now to be some foundation for the growing feeling that sooner or later, whether after a great disaster or without waiting for a disaster, the day will come when there will at last be a real effort on the part of all concerned to carry out the necessary measures for the safety of life in theatres, which are certainly not impossible and probably not very difficult.

In the year 1876 I brought out the first edition of my book, *Fires in Theatres*, which caused great perturbation among several public officials, and drew many angry comments from persons commercially engaged in carrying on the work of these interesting places. In the year 1890 all the proposals contained in that book were adopted in several countries, and several of them in all countries. It still remains to be seen whether the embodiment of proposals into a law is the same thing as the actual carrying out of the proposals; and as this depends on the status, knowledge, and honesty of the executive officials charged with the duty of enforcing the enactments, those who are interested in the safety of life must wait a little and judge according to results.

In 1888 Madrid gave a splendid lead; in 1890 Boston capped it; in other years something has been done, though in the way of small and very spasmodic contributions to the work; but everything has helped a little, and the history of the year 1890 shows that the safety of life in theatres, however imperfect, is much more assured to-day than it was in 1876. If improvements go on in the future as in the past—that is to say if the laws concerning theatres are made more strict, and are more strictly carried out—there would appear to be no reason why playgoers should not have all their present enjoyment without unnecessary risks, or why theatre-owners should not reap a larger profit from the greater number of patrons who will naturally be attracted by the increased advantages and comforts provided for them.

In the years 1886, 1887, 1888, and 1889 there were fifty-five theatres destroyed and twenty-three damaged, making a total of seventy-eight, and there were four hundred and ninety persons killed and two hundred and six injured, making a total of six hundred and ninety-six. In the year 1890 there were thirteen theatres destroyed and fifteen damaged by fire, and two panics rom other causes, making a total of thirty casualties, but no spectators were killed, and only seven were injured. It is true four firemen were killed at theatre fires and several received severe injuries, but in these cases firemen's lives are not thought of, even among firemen. The reports show that there have been some narrow escapes, and in several cases it appears almost certain that,

if the audiences had been in the houses when the fires broke out very few of the spectators would have escaped. It is undoubtedly, a subject for great congratulation that the fires occurred as they did when the audiences were not inside; but apart from this there is distinct cause for satisfaction in the conduct of officials and the behaviour of spectators under trying circumstances. It is to be hoped that the present year will afford as favourable a record.

EYRE M. SHAW.

REMINISCENCES OF ELK HUNTING.

I DO not pretend that elk hunting is the prince of sports; that designation must be reserved for the chase of those animals which are to be found on open ground, like the red deer, and, above all, the chamois, because in that case the contest between the strategy of man and the instinct of the beast, the varying fortunes of the day, the complications of the scientific stalk are visible and patent to the least experienced sportsman, and shared in by him during the greater part of the daylight hours. On the other hand, to the elk hunter, the golden chance for which he has toiled, while it seldom offers, may occur suddenly and almost without warning. He must work on in faith and not by sight, and if for many hours his dog leads him on a not too fresh track of an old ox, he must bear in mind that all the time his quarry may be miles beyond his boundary, or may have come round to leeward and be at that moment sniffing the tainted air, in which case the hunter will find it out when he reaches the spot, by the lengthened stride and mud-scattering hoof marks of an elk that has been "skræmt," to quote an expressive and only too familiar word from the vernacular.

On the other hand, this very uncertainty and the rarity of obtaining a clear view of an animal whose tracks are everywhere visible, and the huge size of those tracks, so far larger even than those made by the wapiti or great red stag of the Rocky Mountains, give the elk an air of mystery which adds a zest to his capture. His curious antediluvian appearance, caused by abnormally high shoulders and great bulbous upper lip, which was surely Nature's first attempt in the direction of the elephant's trunk, adds to the impression that he is the forgotten remnant of a bygone period and of contemporaries who must be sought for in the coal measures and Irish bogs.

The elk makes his home in the boundless forests of spruce and birch which clothe the central plateau of the Scandinavian peninsula. These verge on the monotonous, but are saved from it by the ever-varying views of lakes of all sizes and countless number which dot the woods, by the bogs which once were lakes, by the gardens of mosses and lichens, furnished forth by every fallen and rotting tree-stem ; and, lastly, by the sound of bird life which alone breaks the silence. The capercailzie, more often heard than seen, rises with heavy bustling flight, and flumps into a fir tree, a hundred yards away, surveys the position, and waits for you to pass ; or a covey of the beautiful white-winged grouse, who remind you by their crow that they are the near relations of the Scotch grouse, and who, when you want a change from "elking," will afford you a delightful day's gunning among the patches of dwarf birch on the adjoining *fjeld*. In the densest groves of spruce, a rapid scuttling of wings will indicate the presence of a covey of *hjerpe*, the smallest and, perhaps, the handsomest of the grouse tribe, and, as some think, the best eating. They only fly up into the adjoining spruce, where the brown bars of the breast, so conspicuous when the bird is handled, harmonise perfectly with the twigs. On the bogs the double snipe, of slow and heavy flight, and many other *long-shanks*, give a charming variety to the bag.

In Scandinavia there are two legitimate methods of hunting the elk. In each a trained dog is the essential coadjutor, but the principles of his science differ radically in the two styles. In one case the *bind-hund* is held on a leash, and depends exclusively on a highly sensitive nose to lead the hunter to the quarry, either directly or by following the tracks. This method is generally pursued in Norway, and, indeed, is now, I believe, the only one allowed there. The dogs so used are generally of the Esquimaux breed, protected from the cold and the consequences of their pugnacious dispositions by a splendid growth of hair, especially on the neck and shoulders. A friend of mine has trained a setter to this work, and he requires no lead at all. With this dog as his sole companion he has killed many elk, and this excellent sportsman scorns the idea of there being any science in any other method.

On the other hand, the *lös-hund*, or ranging dog, is generally

affected in Sweden. His business is to beat a tolerably wide area on each side as his master proceeds through the forest, but never so far that his bark will be out of hearing. He is often of a lighter build and more calculated for speed than his brother who works in harness. The loose hound has necessarily a large amount of discretion left to him, for, although he knows very well where his master is by the trail which he continually crosses and recrosses, he is frequently invisible to the latter for twenty minutes or half an hour at a time. When the dog finds elk, generally, in my experience, an ox, a cow and a calf, his aim must be to hold them by barking round them, but without getting too close, so as to keep them at bay, until the hunter, attracted by the barking, approaches near enough for a shot. If, as generally happens, the elk break the bay, the dog endeavours again to head them and arrest their flight, an exceedingly difficult thing to do if the animals have suspicions of a two-legged pursuer, and, indeed, success in this form of hunting is seldom attained, except after a run which tries the bottom of the staunchest wind. If the hunter possesses that attribute, I promise him some glorious experiences. On the other hand, the *finesses* of venerie and the intelligence of the hound are best observed in following the gentler method.

My first attempt for elk was made in Norway. We halted at Selbo, at the upper end of the large lake of that name, where we put up at the "Sanatorium," in reality a capital hotel, where the landlady—motherly soul!—alternately hung over us with tempting dishes, and discoursed sweet music in the adjoining *salon*.

This was too civilised for me, but the landlord assuring me that there were elk in the woods, and that he had secured three "rights," I delayed two days to give it a trial. That expression requires explanation. In Norway every *bönder*, or farmer, has the "right" to kill one elk on his forest holding; but in the great majority of cases these privileges are like the advertisements of some Highland proprietors—"ten deer may be killed." It is only on the best ground that they are of any use, and as the holdings are small, it is necessary, for any hope of success, to have a wide range, and to secure permission by hire or otherwise to hunt over many holdings. Indeed, unless the rights are let, it is a common practice for the

farmers jointly to commission the most experienced hunter they can get hold of, or rather the one who owns the best dog, for that is the essential element, to do their hunting for them—the elk, when killed, being delivered to the fortunate man on whose land it happens to fall.

At Selbo I could hear of no good dog, but I had previously purchased one through a correspondent at Throndhjem. "Tump" was a splendid specimen to look at, with a magnificent "stand up" coat of black hair, especially on the fore part of his body. A broad head, prick ears, and narrow nose combined to give the foxy expression common to the Northern breeds of dogs, while the double curl of his tail gave an impression of energy not belied by his performances. His short legs and powerful build enabled him, when harnessed, to drag his master up hill like a young carthorse. He was an able hunter too, and would have been worth the long price I paid for him but for one physical defect. He was in the habit of pulling so strongly at the rope when on the track of elk that he had injured his windpipe, and had a chronic cough, which could not always be suppressed at critical moments, and he lost me some chances in this way. Morally he was not a perfect character; at least he suffered from green-eyed jealousy. The last I heard of him was the following laconic epistle received two years later: "Tump is dead. He was with two powerful dogs, and he resented them. One of the other dogs is very sick." The last statement I can well believe. Dear old Tump! He was as affectionate as he was quarrelsome, and his caresses were as vehement as his onslaught.

I started from Selbo before daylight and drove nine miles in a carriole, then struck into the fir woods with Paolus, who was supposed to know the boundaries of my rather narrow beat. Perhaps he did, but his account of their whereabouts varied according to the needs and expectations of the moment. Tump was of course harnessed, and led by a cord, or rather led us—at a handsome pace too. One of the first qualifications of an elk dog which I noticed was that he knows where his master can follow, and avoids low horizontal branches, and such like obstacles. The harness consists of a broad strap along the spine, to which are attached two

collars, one passing round his neck, the other under the chest. He pulls so hard that a single collar would choke him.

It is a stirring moment for the elk aspirant when he first finds the tracks and other signs of his quarry. Not till then does he realise the huge dimensions of the beast. The merest tyro will not fail to mark the change in the demeanour of his dog when the latter gets the wind. It was not very long before Tump exhibited such symptoms. He pauses, head in air, eagerly snuffing the breeze. The long hair on his back stands more erect than ever, and he gazes intently in the direction whence comes the taint, while his body trembles with excitement. Then he starts with a pull on the rope which threatens to jerk it out of the hand of the hunter, or lay him flat in the mud. In a few minutes he pauses and lays his nose to the ground. There are the tracks, fresh enough, but only those of a cow and calf, so after following them for a short distance in the hope of catching a first glimpse of the coveted game, we strike off afresh, hoping to hit on an ox.

The elk lies down from 10 a.m. till about 3 p.m., and, unlike deer in this respect, he rarely changes his couch during those hours. At this time it is of little use to continue the search. He has some craft in his stupid old head, and one of his tricks is to return on the lee side of his track, so that any pursuer following is certain to give the wind. Besides, his hearing is very acute, and as he lies *perdu* in thick scrub, the hunter is almost certain to be heard before he is aware of the proximity of the game. These hours of waiting are very difficult to spend, and very trying to the patience. Sometimes a small pent-house of birch faggots, into which one can just crawl, serves as a refuge, sometimes a more substantial hay-hut, but most frequently the hunter must sit "just there" among the spruces, and keep himself warm by collecting dead wood for a big blaze. On the present occasion we had a little diversion. Paolus said, "We will have boiled trout for luncheon." I did not know what he meant, but presently he led me to a small rivulet running into a lake, and began working up it, scanning its miniature pools. Presently a wave and the protruding fin of a good-sized trout was seen, but the water was too shallow for him to escape, and after a short but exciting run we had him out on the bank. In a quarter of an

hour we had two more, and the three averaged about a pound each. It was pleasant, but wrong. I only remember one similar hunt. That was after a large eel, which we dislodged while tickling trout under the stones in a Scotch burn. The gillie called it a "sarpint," and squirmed with superstitious terror whenever its black coils showed near his boots. But nobody had any objection to eating the trout, and a haymaker's hut being handy, and the customary iron pot in its place, we soon had them before us, fizzing hot on the plank bed shelf.

In the afternoon we again struck *spör*, this time a bull, a cow, and a calf. They were travelling down wind and I had little hope of any result, but I contented myself by picking up some wood-craft from Tump. It is not difficult to measure the degree of freshness of the track by the behaviour of the dog. He is not content with roading the track itself, but frequently stands on his hind legs to smell at the twigs which have been nibbled. Now and again he pauses with head in air, and tries to catch the wind direct from the elk. If the scent was very hot Tump would utter a sound which I can only describe as a bark in a whisper. I have known other elk dogs to do the same.

Now the track takes a more zig-zag course as the band search for their afternoon feed. Suddenly Paolus, who is in front of me, starts backward, and points along a narrow glade. I can see nothing but the vanishing flick of a yellow stern as they whip away into the deep shadow of a clump of spruces. I had at any rate seen my first elk, and my appetite was whetted.

The chief food of the elk is the leaves of deciduous trees, especially of the mountain ash, and one soon learns to regard a "black" wood, *i.e.*, one of firs only, as a poor chance. From his length of neck he reaches his food to a considerable height, but not content with this he presses down the limber saplings by the weight of his body, and standing over them browses them to the top. In hot still weather the elk sometimes leave the dense covert and frequent the more open *fjela*. Once, when my son was shooting grouse on such ground, his setter drew up to a bunch of young spruces, but suddenly leaving his point began barking furiously. As the sportsmen hurried up, expecting to find some wild cat, or possibly a bear,

a large bull elk rose up and calmly trotted away. Of course it was the day *before* the opening of the season.

My first experience was all very well for a beginning, but we wanted a wider range and more unsophisticated quarters. My Norwegian servant had already been sent on with the luggage up the fine valley which here falls into the Selbo Vand. I was assured that the Tydal had not been visited by Englishmen for several years. The accommodation was said to be too rough for ladies, but they protested against the assumption, and we started in a *stol-kærre* and three *karjole* on the following day. The road is in the old-fashioned style, that is to say, like General Wade's roads in the Highlands, it goes over hill and dale instead of contouring them. This means finer scenery with diminished speed. At the second station where we changed horses, we noticed the head and skin of a freshly killed elk, shot, as we were told, by a Swede who was hunting in the valley. A few miles further on we encountered a cart with the huge carcase of another, the handiwork of the same man, and the further we advanced the thicker grew the rumours of the prowess of this mysterious hunter. At each station we found that Dahl, the "Tolk," had continued his way, and if we put our noses inside we concurred in his judgment. It was not till the late evening, when we were approaching the watershed which separates Norway from Sweden, that we found him established at Lovöen, a group of farmhouses, roomy and clean, with homely folk, to whom the sight of English ladies was a revelation. The river, even up here a fine torrent, thirty yards wide, ran past the house. The wooded hills rose on either side 600ft. or 700ft. to bare tops. Higher peaks stood further back. We dined off a seven-pound trout. This was not taken out of the stream, but netted in one of the numerous lakes which dot the woods. Subsequently ducks, not mallard, but a dark brown kind, were brought to us, which were got in the same way. This kind are rather tame, and when they find themselves enclosed in the circle of the net, instead of flying dive under it and get their heads into the meshes. Except milk products we could get no supplies from the farm. There were many reindeer in the woods, which, though apparently wild, are all owned by Lapps. We sent up to their camp, fifteen miles off, and the

next day they brought down a three-year-old, which furnished us with the finest meat in the world for a fortnight.

Our rooms were large; all round the bed-rooms stood numerous "marriage chests" of past generations, and a great variety of reindeer coats, *sheenfeldts*, or sheep-skin rugs, which serve as sheets, blankets, and counterpanes to the natives at all seasons, and other garments hung from the rafters. The beds in Norway are a difficulty; they are too short for most Englishmen, at least those of my inches, and are generally inhabited. We were independent of them, having brought calico bed-bags. These are no weight to carry, and when stuffed with dry hay and laid on the floor make excellent lying. If not thus provided a couple of reindeer skins form a mattress which is both elastic and free from vermin.

We arranged with the various owners that we might hunt where we liked, and if we killed an elk we were to pay twenty *krone*, or about 22s., to whomsoever it might belong, besides the meat, reserving the skin and head for ourselves. We also sent for the usual hunter of reputation. He came, but would only consent to enter our service on condition of carrying his own rifle. I knew what that meant, and allowed him to depart. Thrown back on "Tump" and the light of nature, we made a poor hand of it. Our want of success was partly due to still weather, which is fatal to this kind of elk-hunting. Repeatedly we found burning fresh tracks of elk which had doubtless been *skræmt* by us. In such weather some people take to driving. I have done it myself with success, but there is very little fun in it. After this it began to snow, and continued to do so intermittently for three days. It was terribly wet work forcing one's way through the birch saplings, bowed down and tangled by the mass of snow, but one learns more of the habits of an animal when hunting in snow than at any other time.

In the meanwhile we kept hearing tantalising accounts of further successes of the Swede whom I have already mentioned. News of this kind travels fast in Norway. Once we sent in vain to seek him. A second messenger was more successful, and returned with the mysterious man, whom by this time we held in profound respect. John Wallan is a *Skovmand*, or lumberer, in Jemtland. He has a slim, clean-cut figure, an alert face, and the clear, light-blue

eyes of a Celt. His words are few and weighty. He also declined to leave his gun at home, but promised not to use it except to prevent the escape of an animal. This was a reasonable condition, as he received thirty *krone* from every man on whose land he killed an elk. Moreover, he said that he must not have more than one Englishman to accompany him at a time, and he evidently considered that we were about as much use in hunting as portmanteaus, and he did not want to have to carry more than one. John was the hero of numerous elk hunts, and could command his own terms. With him were his two dogs, Peyas and Luft. These dogs were past masters in the art of loose hunting, and he had refused 500 *krone*, or nearly £28, for the former. This may seem an exaggeration, but John had, by his aid, already killed five elk that year, each of which was worth fully £6. John was very particular not to allow his dogs to be handled. I have known him, after someone had stroked them, to take an aromatic wisp of spruce twigs and wipe them down, lest the elk should recognise the taint of man when the dog is baying round him.

I met him the next morning at the appointed rendezvous. The dogs were led until likely ground was reached. Then they ranged about while we walked steadily on, only occasionally catching a glimpse of them. Nothing was seen in the morning, and at eleven we settled in a broken-down hay-hut for the long mid-day halt, made a fire, and tried to dry our wet clothes. It is quite as important for the loose hound hunter to lie by for the mid-day hours as in the more stealthy method of still hunting, because—so they say—if an elk is started from his couch he will not be bayed. In the afternoon we kept along a ridge, while the dogs hunted the birch wood below. Then we heard them find, but indistinctly, and after an exciting five minutes of intent listening, we made a circuit of the wood and found by the tracks that the dogs had run an elk down to the river, which he had crossed. They returned to us, as these dogs will not cross a heavy stream unless encouraged by their master.

Close to the hay-hut, where we had been lying for three hours, strange to say we found again, this time a solitary ox. He also went down to the river, we after him, as hard as we could run.

Just before he reached it I caught an inspiriting sight of him, with the dogs at his heels, but too far off for a shot. Across the intervening bog he looked as big and as black as an elephant. As soon as he crossed the river the dogs returned to us, and I thought it was all over, but just then I saw him again beyond the river, crossing another opening three or four hundred yards off. As it seemed to be my last chance I sat down, and aiming well over his shoulder, tried the shot, but the bullet struck under him. Now at any rate he would make tracks, but, on the bare chance, we waded the river, and laid the dogs on again. To my surprise they quickly bayed again, a short distance beyond the spot where I had viewed him, and he cannot have noticed my shot. We approached at a run, and had got, as I should judge by the sound of the baying, within a hundred yards, when I trod on a stick, which broke with a loud crack. John looked round at me with a blank expression and said, "Now he will spring," and sure enough the sound ceased, for when an elk is going his hardest the dogs pursue in silence. Again we started at our best pace in the direction which they had taken, and in a few minutes a faint and distant bay drew us on again, but the elk knew that the dogs were not alone, and would not be stopped. All this time my companion, who carried no ounce of superfluous flesh, was going well within himself, while I began to labour like a water-logged boat. I shall not soon forget the suffering of the next forty minutes, but I felt it was now or never, and, buoyed up at intervals by the faint sound far ahead, I struggled on, now across open bogs which were soft but not springy, now through masses of tangle and clumps of trees, till my feet were like lead, and I was reduced at last to a walk. Now we find a harder piece of ground, as welcome as water in the desert, and by its help seem to get nearer to the retreating sound. But we are again approaching the river, and I am almost thankful when John says, "He will cross it again, and then it is all up." He does cross it, and the dogs return to us. We throw ourselves down, on our backs, on the bilberries and gasp, while limbs stiffen rapidly. At last John remarks, "The 'Elg' is 'krank' too," and indeed so ponderous a body is not easily conveyed over three miles of such ground. "Is it any good to cross the river again?" "No, but we will try if you

like." I do like, and we wade through once more, but have a difficulty with the dogs, who are as weary as ourselves, and plainly show their disappointment.

Luft climbs on to a rock in mid-stream, and whines pitifully. At last they are over, and we lay them on again. We are reduced to a painful walk, and they pick up a cold scent slowly. Suddenly they shoot ahead, and in two minutes have him again, with a savage chorus, and this time it does not move. He thought to have shaken them off, and stopped almost as soon as he crossed the river. "He has got stiff now," says John, "and won't start easily, but go softly." We steal up, pushing the fir branches aside. No broken sticks this time; we tread like cats through the interlacing boughs. I see a great grey shoulder and yellow horns. He stands up to the knees in a small tarn, with his head towards the dogs, who are dancing and barking on the bank above him. My arm waves like a pump-handle, and I feel that I could not hit a house across the street. Oh for a rest! But John says, "Shoot through the branches or he will see you." As I fire he crashes out among the dogs, and my heart sinks, for I feel that I have missed him. But John claps me on the shoulder, and says, "Gud schut." "Do you think he is hit?" "Ja, sikker!" As we run round the lakelet there is a sweet sound of scrimmage beyond, and there lies a *vakker* ox, panting out his life, while the dogs rush in and tear mouths full of wiry hair from his back. A five-year-old bull, big enough to satisfy anybody. The shot was a bad one, and would not have served if he had been fresh. Such a run is a severe strain, and I could scarcely have managed the ten miles' tramp home if it had not been for the supreme sense of virtuous toil rewarded.

The next day we rode up—I could scarcely climb into the saddle—to gloat over the prize, photograph him, and bring him down. It took four horses fully loaded to do this, but the ground was unusually boggy. I have generally found sledges a better means of transport when the ground is soft. Great was the rejoicing in Ole's house, on whose "right" the elk had fallen, and his neighbours came in to congratulate him. This is not to be wondered at, for a full-grown elk carries enough meat to supply a family for the whole winter. It is generally minced up and made into

sausages, which are hung on the rafters. In Sweden it is salted and smoked.

Two days later my son had another fine run, which was even longer than mine, but had a less fortunate result. I was myself in the woods at no great distance, and by a great piece of luck had heard the baying, and came in for the latter part of the run. The elk was finally coursed out of the woods, and away into the high *fjeld*, where the dogs bayed him among the rocks—a wild scene. He was galloped to a standstill, and appeared to be "our meat," but just as John and C. got within range he slowly rounded a corner. Thinking he would get a standing shot on the other side of it, C. reserved his fire; when the corner was reached the animal had rounded another, and—we never saw him again. Whether, like St. Hubert's stag, he vanished when the fun was over, or had had time to get his wind—the downhill track helping him—I know not; but the dogs returned almost immediately with a reproachful expression, which plainly said, "Why didn't you shoot?" and the ground being hard we failed to strike the track again. There was wailing and grief that night, but a few days later C. got a bull almost without the trouble of a run at all.

This kind of failure annoyed John extremely. It was not so much the loss of his commission as the discouragement of his dog that he minded. On one occasion, but this was in the following year, we were creeping up in Indian file to a bay by Peyas. My son, who was leading, turned round and whispered to me, "A cow and calf." I passed the word on to John, and I never saw so much strong language expressed in silent pantomime. He gave us to understand that our feelings were of no importance at all, but that if Peyas were disappointed he would leave our service and go home. So the poor calf was left motherless; but I ought to qualify that by saying that he was as large as a small horse, and well able to take care of himself. But of all the dogs which I knew it was Skyt who did the cleverest thing. My son, who had outrun his Norwegian companion, got up to Skyt's bay in time to fire a snap shot. The result he could not see, but before long the dog again stopped the animal with the usual noisy demonstrations. Presently there was silence, and instead of continuing to bay, as his nature

and training would direct, he returned and said, as plainly as dog language could, "It's all right; come along." The dog had found that the shot had taken effect, and, himself unheld, with slow and catlike steps led G. to where the wounded elk was standing.

In 1887 I went to Jemtland, in Sweden, and with more experience our bag was a much larger one. Even an elk is, however, easily missed, and as this paper is a truthful record, I will confine the remainder of it to showing how this may be done.

The first day of the season I was fortunate enough to kill a bull elk, and the following morning called upon an English gentleman, who was fishing a neighbouring river, to leave him a portion of the meat. He asked me to join him in driving a certain large wooded island, of which he had the shooting, in the middle of the lake of Ånn. I declined his invitation, as I had undertaken to cross the lake—a row of about nine miles—and ascertain if there was any good grouse ground on the further side. Returning in the evening, the course took my boat quite close to the island. As we approached a long tongue of it, which projected towards the mainland, I saw an elk splash through the shallow water towards this promontory. Thinking it was only a cow, I took no steps, but lay to to see it take the water, as its evident intention was to cross to the mainland, and drawing up near the point, we waited. In a few seconds there plunged into the lake, not a cow, but an old bull, with a very fine head. Now, having refused my friend's invitation, I hesitated for a moment or two what I ought to do, but my scruples did not last long, and I told the boatman to bend to his oars. Tump, who was my companion for the day, was violently excited, and I had to hold him into the boat with one hand lest he should jump overboard and be drowned by his chain, while with the other I crammed bullet cartridges into my gun. The elk had about 250 yards to swim, and I assumed that we should overhaul him with ease. The elk is, however, one of the finest of swimmers, and readily takes to the water, even when not pursued. This one, the moment he realised that it was a race for life, put on a spurt which astonished me. Every stroke drove his great head and shoulders far out of the water, which seemed to hiss past him as he pounded through it like an ocean steamer. By the time he was halfway

across I saw that the race was a hopeless one as far as I was concerned, and that it was now or never if I was going to shoot at all. The mark which he offered was so large that I made pretty sure of hitting it at the eighty or ninety yards distance which he had now put between us. I stood up to shoot, and the shot looked easy, but these light "prams," as they call the lake boats, are far from steady, and at this point we felt the full force of the south wind which blew up a five mile reach, and drove big waves before it into the narrow sound. The boat rolled and swayed with it, and the muzzle of my rifle dipped and rose like the yard-arm of a ship, now pointing at the sky and now at the water. In vain I tried to steady myself. My first bullet skimmed just over his neck, my second must have been very near, judging by the spasmodic bound he gave, jerking his body half out of the water. Before I could load again he touched *terra firma*, and in a cloud of spray raced ashore. I just got in my cartridges in time to give him a parting double, but I think they were even wilder than the first. We landed, and I laid Tump on. He raced down the island, for it was not the mainland, but was divided from it by another much narrower channel, and stood barking at the other end where the elk had again taken the water. It was pretty clear I had not hurt him. This was one of those calamities which live by a man all his days, and revisit him in his dreams. Mr. J. had been lying in wait for this shot all day, and here was I, who had neither toiled nor spun, had dropped in in the very nick of time, got the shot, and missed it. I humbled myself before him, and was forgiven. These large lakes are very convenient as highways for reaching distant parts of the ground, but when the wind is strong it is sometimes impossible for a boat to make way against it. I well remember one wet and stormy day, when for this reason we had to tramp back overland, and when the river was reached, wholly failed to make ourselves heard in the farm on the opposite bank. Even rifle shots produced no effect, till we took to shooting *at the house itself*, and a well planted bullet on the stone chimney brought a frightened face to the door.

A few days later the agony was still more excruciatingly piled on. Fancy an eager youth panting with a long run. He reaches

the edge of a steep bluff and can hear the bay at some distance. But at this moment four other elk cross an opening below and he proceeds to stalk them. He gets within 200 yards of the ox, standing by himself, and listening intently to the distant bay of the dog. The youth, fearful of losing the shot if he tries to get nearer, fires and misses. Strange to say, the elk never stirs. The sportsman thereupon stalks up to within eighty yards and again misses! He then follows the lot which the dog is still baying, reaches them in half an hour, has a steady shot at 40 yards at the cow (the ox had left them), and misses! After this it would seem about time to go home. Rowing down one lake they drag the boat across a small portage to another. When they come in sight of it they see a large ox swimming from one promontory to another and about 200 yards off. Three shots, each nearer than the other, but none quite near enough. Hoping to get a better chance as he lands, the miserable youth waits, but the elk swims behind a point of rock and lands at his leisure out of sight!

I will draw a veil over the sufferings of the actors in this tragedy, and I think I had better stop there.

E. N. BUXTON.

FROM THE MAID'S POINT OF VIEW.

MASTERS and mistresses have a good deal to say about the faults of servants. I am no scholar, but I have been in service now for over forty years, and I have seen a good bit of life, and I think it about time for some of us to have our say too, and to show how masters and mistresses seem to us, and what we think of their habits and ways.

I was born of poor but honest parents, in a small village near Carlisle. Father was a carpenter and owned a tidy bit of land as well, and mother had been under-housemaid at Lowther Castle. I was the eldest of a large family, and mother thought the world of me. I favoured her more than the rest, and was somehow different to the rest; and she always said I should be well brought up and not put to hard work. She had me learned dressmaking, and getting up of fine linen; and afterwards I had myself taught hairdressing and millinery. And so I was able to take a young lady's maid's place when I was only young myself; and so I have remained ever since, with ups and downs, and ins and outs like the rest of us. But this I will say, I always kept up a good heart, and I have tried to do my duty by my employers.

Now, I must commence my narrative with saying that I shall not give real names. As I have some rather promiscuous things to tell—things "terrible but true"—I do not think it would beseem my pen to give the names of my masters and mistresses. I shall therefore give fancy ones, and begin with Lady Eveline White.

Ah! that was a good lady if ever there was one. She was a lady who adorned her station and honoured ours. She kept her house like clockwork, and I do not think one of us would have wronged her of a pin. She kept her servants far into the teens of years; and when she got in young girls she had them trained in the ways of

"godliness and truth." The house was like "a little heaven here below"; and though Mrs. Lance, the housekeeper, was a tight hand and a strait mistress, it was all for our good in the end, and she turned out girls that could hold up their heads with anybody. But I had not so much to do with her as the house girls had. I was more under Mrs. Parks, my lady's own maid, who taught me a vast of things I had to learn, and laid the foundations of what, by God's grace, I grew into. I was the young ladies' maid, and had the two young ladies—Miss Eva and Miss Mabel—to dress and see to. They were dear young ladies, and did credit to their sweet mamma's teaching. I have been always glad that my first "lines were cast in such a pleasant place" as Lady Eveline White's. I was then at the growing time of my life, and the impressions I had then were more arbitrary than any that were produced in me after. Lady Eveline's house strengthened father's and mother's teaching; and what they had taught me sank all the deeper because of what I learnt here. I was thus able to withstand the various temptations and "ills that flesh is heir to" as I progressed in life, and to hold fast by the Cross which has been my staff and the prop of my failing steps.

Alas! these "halcyon days" were not to last. First Miss Eva married and went to India; and then Miss Mabel followed her dear sister's example, and took to herself a lordly mate who did not think poor little me was good enough for his wife—for all that I had waited on Miss Mabel and her sister for three years and four months. And surely I could have waited on her still, if only I had been let. But my lord would not hear of poor little Maggie Younghusband—though for the matter of that I was not so very little either; but I use the word in a side sense, so to speak. I was little in his eyes because he was proud and I was poor, and he wanted more finery than I had then got hold of. So I lost my dear young ladies, and had to leave my first sweet mistress; and I thought my heart would have fairly broke when she said good-bye to me, and shook me so kindly by the hand, and told me to be a good girl and never let a gentleman look at me as he shouldn't; to fear God and not man; and say my prayers morning and evening; and to remember all I had learnt at Sunday-school, and then I should

come to no harm here or hereafter. Dear Lady Eveline! She *was* a good lady; and if all mistresses were like her there would be fewer poor lost girls than there are. She had recommended me to a friend of hers, who said she knew of a suitable place for me in London, where I was anxious to go and seek my fortune like a "moth and a candle," as so many a girl before me.

As I was still considered too young to take a responsible situation I was again put with young ladies—this time with the Miss Masters's. The reader will pardon me if I hasten over this part of my "life and experiences." The "wound still bleeds," and I must crave indulgence for my tears. For I shall never forget him. The "fierce light" of experience beats on my memory and strives to show my dear Mr. Algernon in colours "black as Erebus," but my heart is faithful as "the needle to the pole," and refuses to convict my earthly idol of sin. I loved him. Can I say more? Ought I to say less? He said he loved me, and I believed him. He was a fine rash young man reading at Oxford; I was a tall slip of a girl as fair as a lily, though I say it as should not, and with hair that many and many a hairdresser offered me good gold for if I would sell it. We went together like two drops of quicksilver; but I bless God that I kept my head level. He wanted to run off with me and marry me, but I remembered what Lady Eveline had said when she bid me good-bye, and I said, "No. If I was good enough to marry at all, I was good enough to marry in the face of day." It did not quite suit my mind to run off like a thief. I loved Mr. Algernon as I never thought I could love any man, for I do not hold much with men and least with gentlemen; but that was no reason why I should do anything underhand, and forget father and mother and Lady Eveline and all, and perhaps bring a curse instead of a blessing on my head. So I said Mr. Algernon No; and reasoned with him out of hand, as it were; and kept free of guilt and shame; and always could say my prayers; and look at myself in the glass, not being ashamed of what I saw. But my trouble touched my health, and I lost my strength and appetite and had to go to a doctor. He said I was in a consumption, and nothing but my native air would help me. So I went down home, and there I told mother all about it.

And mother cried over me fit to break her heart, and said I was a brave lass for resisting as I had done, and she wished all girls had my spirit. And then she told me something about herself and myself, and I got to the back of things I had never even suspected. Poor mother! She was as good a woman as ever wore shoe-leather; and the Lord knows His own!

After I had been at home for a time I recovered my health and went again to service, a "sadder and a wiser" girl than I was before, and, as it seemed to me, with no heart left in my body at all. Since that time I have never looked twice at any man, nor walked out with one, and never kept company with one. Mr. Algernon had spoilt me for the men I would naturally have married, and I was afraid of gentlemen. And when I saw in the paper that Mr. Algernon had married that rich lady, Mrs. Saville, who used to come so much to the house when he was there, and who was ten years older than him if a day, and all painted and made up,—when I saw that in the paper "I said in my wrath 'All men are liars,'" and I resolved there and then never to have aught to do with any of them. Crocodiles, that is what I call them. But I exempt Mr. Algernon. He loved me. I am sure of that, and if I had agreed to it and run off with him he would have married me, I know; and I am as sure as I am of the ground I stand on that he was over-persuaded into his marriage with that rich old Mrs. Saville. Perhaps he thought when he had lost his little mountain daisy, as he used to call me, it did not signify who he took up with, and Mrs. Saville would do as well as anyone else. He was worlds too good for her, the old cat; and I did hear that she led him the life of a toad under the harrow, and how he one day said to her, "I wish to God I had married little Maggie and not you." It was like him; for he was as free with his tongue as his purse, and he could give a lick with the rough side of it as well as the best! and I was a pretty girl in those days, and Mrs. Saville —Mrs. Algernon then—was all paint and dye and pad, and like a skinny old cat inside her fine clothes.

I think that now I must have tired the reader with the narrative of my youthful follies, and I think that I will drop the autographical (*sic*) style with which I commenced, and give the public a few ideas and impressions, such as could be culled in the ser-

vants' hall if anyone took the trouble to get at things as they are seen there.

Masters and mistresses think that we servants are as blind as moles; or that when we do "see with our eyes and hear with our ears" we will never tell what we know, but will keep their secrets like grim death. They call us ignorant and stupid, but I call that far more ignorant and far more stupid. For why should we keep the secrets of those who do not care a brass farthing for us, and will send us to the hospital when we are ill, and let us starve like dogs when we are old and of no more use to them? We may toil and slave and wear out our eyes and hands in their service, not to speak of our poor legs and feet—which I am sure mine have suffered for standing hours and hours over my ladies—but worn as we may be to fiddlestrings for them, where is our reward? "Put not your trust in princes," says the Psalmist; and I do not think that in this the ladies are better than the gentlemen. I had a mistress once—"naming no names is breaking no bones," as dear mother used to say—well, of all the bad women she was about the worst! Master, he never knew what went on when his back was turned, but all of us upper servants knew. She ran her rigs, did this one, and I don't know to this day how she escaped detection as long as she did. For it was not only one. That would have been bad enough, and was bad enough while it was only one. But when he went away, then it was "Up, Jenkins!" and no mistake about it, and it seemed to me it was just anyone she pleased! She was as bold as they make them, and did not have the least modesty or shame about it all. She must have thought me a goosey indeed if she thought I did not understand what she was after—if she thought I did not know who was the real father of that last child of hers, and who paid for her dresses and her diamonds. Well, it was not the father nor yet her husband! That I would swear to. If anything it was the other way; and she paid for the one she fancied. But she took it out of that other—and her husband all the time as innocent as a baby, and seeing nothing of what was going on right under his very nose. We servants saw it all, but he was the bat! And I call it a shame, she a lady who ought to have known better. Why, not the commonest kitchen-maid in the house would have carried on as she did; and with all

her high and mighty airs she was beneath us all! The counsel sneered at "servants' testimony," but who had the right to speak if we had not? Butler, footman, coachman, and me, we all knew it, and she knew that we did. When her lawyer offered to square us we one and all refused, though I think Charles, footman, was half willing. But we others swore to stand by each other and tell the truth; and, indeed, I had the kind of feeling of its being a righteous retribution. It was better even for the dear children to be without such a mother as this—a mother who would lead them into bad ways if they followed her example, as they were pretty sure to do! Such a woman as that a mother! I remembered my own, always toiling to keep us respectable and clean, pinching herself that we might have enough; and father the same; and both so careful that we girls should not be runagates, and that the brothers should not take to drink. And then this fine lady, with her gentlemen and her dresses, and never a kind word for her poor little children, who were left to the nurse and then to the governess, and then sent away to foreign schools, just to get them out of the way and let the devil have his hand in!

Well, that was one, and there are more like her. And what kind of example do they set their servants, I should like to know? If a poor girl gets into trouble she has all the world against her, and not a friend to take her part; but a lady may do what she likes, and till she comes into the Divorce Court her friends take no notice. Everyone knows and no one knows. There is no one of his own honest enough to tell the husband; and if any one of us servants did we should be put out into the street at a minute's notice. But that is what I call unjust. When our Lord forgave the woman of Samaria, He did not ask whether she was a lady or a servant; and what scores of ladies do and do not get punished for, I don't see why a poor girl should not do and go scot free, too. We look to ladies to set us a good example. They are educated and we are not; but in my experience, as a skilled lady's maid, I have met with a good few mistresses whose example was something to avoid, not follow.

And how they make up! If I was not afraid of spoiling the market I would give a few receipts here for hair-dyes and face-

washes and cosmetics of all kinds, that make old cats like that Mrs. Saville I told you of look passable as the wives of fine young gentlemen not yet thirty. If you could see some of these ladies in the morning before their maid has begun upon them! I am sure you would not know them, they look so haggard and dreadful. Those who have the loveliest heads of hair when they are dressed go to bed with a little wisp more like a scanty lock of hay than a braid of hair. They have no teeth; they have skins that would make a lemon look white; and their eyes are as dull as fishes' eyes. But the maid makes them up; and people say how handsome they are, and what beautiful hair and white complexions they have, and how bright their eyes are, and what nice figures they have! But if a poor servant-girl tries for a fringe, or puts a feather in her hat, or raises her sleeves, or fancies herself anyhow, they are all down on her like anything, and tell her that she is a hussy for trying to attract the eyes of the men, and they will see her farther before they will allow her to dress herself out in that way!

In my time I have known many good men brought low by the vice of gambling. They begin as little lads with chuck farthing in the streets, and they end with making books on all the big races. I do not desire to excuse this fault. It is against both the law and the Scriptures, and men who pretend to so much more wisdom than us women have should know better than to give in to such foolishness. But I do mean to say that if it is a fault in the man so it is in the master, and my lord's gentleman is no more to blame than my lord himself. Indeed, I should say less; for the one has as much as he wants, and a turn over besides, and the other knows that service is no inheritance and that he who would "make hay while the sun shines" had better begin early. It is more of a temptation to a poor man to make his fortune all in a minute, as it were, than it is to a rich one to run the risk of losing what he has. What, I should like to know, do these rich men want with speculating on the Stock Exchange, or gambling at Monte Carlo, or betting at races, when they have got every mortal thing they can wish for? It is but a poor washy kind of excitement, when all is said and done, if that's what they mean. And an excitement which must

have such a lot of fear in it cannot afford much pleasure. But a poor man has the chance of making a good thing of it, and twenty to one is a handsome chance to one as has not more than twenty, all saved. But when a man has, say, a hundred thousand pounds, as Mr. Grant, one of my ladies' husbands, had, why should he go after more and lose all he had for the sake of doubling his capital? I am not given this way myself, but "to the pure all things are pure," and I am not ashamed to feel as others do—that is, to feel with them and for them, poor dear souls, lost like straying lambs in the wilderness!

Then there is that matter of the drink. Drink is a bitter bad enemy wherever picked up, but we servants see a lot of it in our places. I don't mean to say that our ladies drink to be what you may call the worse for liquor, but I do say they take more than is good for them. Champagne and claret and the like make them that tedious to do with there is no peace with them. They get flushed as red as peonies, and don't know what they want half their time. And then the poor servants come in for it, and get the blame that ought to go to the cellar, if everything had its deserts! And servants see a lot of this good living going on; but if they follow example as it is set to them—if my lord's gentleman steps into my lord's shoes and "walks in his ways as is set before him,"—what a rumpus there is, and it's "out you go at a moment's notice" and no excuse taken. The Prodigal might return to his father's house from feeding with swine, but a poor servant who takes that one drop too much is done for. And what queer messes fine folks eat! There is that beastly stuff, as I call it, caviare, and that other filthy, greasy paste, *pâté de foie gras*, made out of diseased liver. And to see them shovel down these nasty things, and then turn up their noses at a good slice of roast beef or boiled mutton—it is queer. I think nothing better than a good fruit pasty myself. I would give all that chilly ice fine folks eat in such quantities for a good rhubarb or apple pasty; and fruit puddings are not to be beaten by their French cookery. But I never knew a lady yet as could abear this kind of thing, though what *they* like *I* cannot abear myself.

There are many other things I should like to discourse on, but I am afraid of wearying my readers. There is that "vexatious ques-

tion" (*sic*) of followers, and that other about dress, on which I have already touched in the previous page, where I spoke of the ladies' make-ups and hair. The young ladies have their young gentlemen, and the mammas do all they can to find husbands for their daughters; but if a poor girl is courted by the milkman or the grocer, or who you please, it's as bad as a sin, and is treated as such. And I cannot see the difference. I make so bold as to think we are all women together; and though, as I previously observed, I do not hold much with men, and want nothing with them, other girls are of another mind and would like to be married and have a home of their own. And why may they not? Service is no inheritance, as I said about betting; and you never know where you may be this day month. There does not seem to me much harm in a girl keeping company with a respectable young man, but the mistresses do not like it, and would always prevent it if they could. They seem to think there must be something wrong. Either the young man comes for a meal, or he is not to be trusted with the girl, no more than a cat with cream; or he does not mean business, but is only what mother used to call "daffing," and is not on the square anyhow. But I say there are as good men in shops as in palaces—and as bad too, if you like to take it so—and a girl who knows how to hold herself as she should is as safe as a queen for all that she is only a servant. My word! if some mistresses were only half as respectable as their maids the world would go better than it does now! I am sick of your grand misses and titled good-for-nothings going to church and what they call church parade, as if butter would not melt in their mouths; and all the time the poor dear master abused and hoodwinked, and the gentleman as should know better just walking in and out of the house as if it was his own!

But I must not transgress my space, and my paper commences to run short. Yet I have something to say about the kindness that should subsist between ladies and their servants, and the want of confidential intercourse that is to be lamented instead. Mistresses are fond of throwing it in the teeth of their servants that they eat their bread. Of course they do. Are they expected to eat straw, like the Israelites under Pharaoh were expected to make their bricks without straw? But we give as good as we get; and if we have

bread—and very often only scrape to make it go down—we give our services in return. Mistresses who will not put up with one mortal thing they have not a mind to do not think what a poor servant has to suffer who has to stand and be rated like a dog, perhaps, for no fault, and must never give a back word were it ever so. They do not think what it is to have no liberty but what is given us as one gives a sweetie to a child; to have no will of one's own; no time to oneself unless you are an upper; and to be always whatI call in leading strings. They say we ought to be thankful to be well fed and well lodged and to have no rates or taxes to pay, and no cares or troubles but our work itself. I do not say no; but when I hear ladies carry on about the privileges and prosperity of servants, I think they work hard enough to acquire them, and that they may cry "evens" as well as most people. I never could see what difference there was between a servant and a shop young lady. Both work hard for their wage; but a shop young lady is not twitted with eating her employer's bread as we are. It comes into the bargain, just as if you ride in a 'bus you expect a roof to shelter you and a horse to carry you.

And why are we so ungrateful if we leave to better ourselves? I remember one of my places was at the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Listey's. The gentle reader will forgive my not mentioning the real name. Well, Mrs. Listey was a screw if ever there was one. She gave a very small wage, sold her old clothes, and allowed no perquisites to any one of us. She did certainly give Christian privileges. There is no denying this as the great advantage of her situation, and I do not wish to deny it. But she was too hard on those who, she said, wanted to serve both God and Mammon; and when all was said and done it was her service that she made out to be God's, and everything else was Mammon. I hope I shall not be accounted one of the profane in this remark. It is as true as Gospel, whether profane or not. I lived with her for two years and a half, and then I heard from a friend of mine that Lady Lucy Long wanted a skilled maid such as I was.

Lady Lucy's was a good place, and I jumped at it. But Mrs. Listey said I was a time-server and a self-seeker, and she rated me terribly for my sin in leaving her. The week I gave notice

Mr. Listey had the offer of a better living; and he made no more bones about leaving his old parish and going to this new sphere of usefulness, as he called it, than I did about leaving his lady's service and going to another. I have tried it all ways, turned it upside down, and called on the Lord to help me, but I never could see the difference; and cannot now if I died for it. And I won't tell a lie about it.

Ladies say that servants are not as they once were—not so faithful, not so devoted, not so much one with the family, and have not the interests of the family at heart, as they had in the "days that are gone." I know nothing about that; but I do know that good mistresses make good servants, and that when ladies are friendly to their servants their servants study them and do what they can to oblige them. But when are ladies friendly? "Once in a blue moon," as the saying is. Of all the ladies I have had, not more than three ever asked me about my family, nor desired their respects to mother, nor took any notice of father's long illness, nor interested themselves in me or mine in any way whatever. That was how I lost Mrs. Crump's place. Father was very ill and mother was laying a-dying, and sister she telegraphed for me to go down at once. Now, Mrs. Crump had a dinner on the next day and wanted to wear a certain dress that I had in hand. I should have had the world's work to get done in time, and I could not wait two whole days for that. She had a cart-load of dresses she could wear, and she could easily find someone to lace her well. I asked leave to go and see mother. Sister said I might, perhaps, just catch her alive if I left by the 9.40 train; so I asked leave. Mrs. Crump flew at me like a wild cat, and she called me all the selfish jades she could lay her tongue to, to think of leaving her in such a pickle. But I had mother's dear dying face before me to keep me to it, and I knew she wanted to see me; so I just took French leave and took myself off willy-nilly. She flung my boxes out into the street, and if it had not been for the housekeeper, who stood my friend, I do not know where I should have been. I did just catch mother alive, and I thank the Lord, Who gave me courage to stand out as I did.

Well, then, I say, if ladies had more consideration for their ser-

vants, their servants would pay back the compliment. But when one asks too much the other is apt to give too little, and it is like the lads' game of French and English, and "who's the strongest wins the day." Still, "two wrongs do not make one right," and duty is duty let who will go bare.

I must now conclude this little discourse.

"Blest is the man who stands in awe
Of God, and loves His sacred law."

When mistresses love their maids, and maids are faithful and true, "the lion and the lamb shall lie down together and a little child shall lead them." It is not being too presumptuous, I hope, to say that we are all children of the same Father; and though some of us are born in pleasure and palaces, and others in lowly cots by a river's brim, "naked we came into the world, and naked we go out of it"; and all that comes in between "makes itself wings and flies away." But "the word of the Lord remains." In this I have put my trust; and as I have, thank the Lord, put by a nice little sum of money to live on—just enough to be respectable and to fear no enemy by night or day—I can look back over my past with a clear conscience and look forward to the future without fear. I have done "my duty in that state of life in which it has pleased God to call me," and I am not ashamed to show my face anywhere.

M. Y.

A MODEL CITY; OR, REFORMED LONDON.

V. TREES AND FLOWERS.

FEW subjects of the kind have afforded more "copy" for provincial newspapers, or given more concern to those occupied with the problems connected with crowded gregarious life in modern centres of population, than those of smoke and fog and the vegetation—or rather, want of vegetation—in the streets and squares of our larger cities and towns; and many a local celebrity has dilated on the paucity of trees and flowers in London and other cities in England, as contrasted with Paris, Berlin, and other Continental centres. Over and over again we have the reproach hurled at us that the American, or the foreigner from Europe, who pays an occasional flying visit to London, Manchester, and similar business places, carries back with him dismal accounts of our dreary towns, impregnated with smoke and fog; while those who settle in our cheerless land hug fond memories of pleasant boulevards bordered with the greenest of green trees, and of urban squares and gardens brilliant with flowers in the dazzling Continental sunshine, as they bemoan the sad fate that has placed them in a land so devoid of colour and freshness as ours. Nor is it the æsthetic aspect only of the fruitful topic of town vegetation that stimulates the talkers and weighs so heavily on us and our reputation, for the obvious inference to be drawn from our barren condition seems to be that we have few trees and flowers in our large towns because they will not grow there, and if the atmosphere is so bad that plants will not grow in it, why of course the effects on the people must be bad in proportion; and so runs the argument that large cities and towns are alike injurious to man and tree, and to flower and child, and should, as a first step towards the Millennium, be condemned.

The question may fairly be raised whether the local corre-

spondent or the town celebrity, above hypothetically referred to, really puts the case properly, or whether we are justified in assuming the attitude of despair or of apathy which seems to have fallen so naturally to our lot as a nation of shopkeepers. To say nothing of the rejoinder that the local authority would find equally good cause for complaint against any of the busy manufacturing towns of Saxony or of America, wherever mineral coal is burnt, I pass to the more direct question—Is the matter so bad as it is usually assumed to be? Are cities and towns like London, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, &c., so polluted with gases and smoke, and so darkened with soot and fog, that the existing show of trees and shrubs is the best possible under the circumstances?

Well, in spite of the very general assumption that this is so, I propose to show cause for believing that the matter has been considerably exaggerated, and that, if the various local authorities were to take into account all the facts, they would come to the conclusion that not only could much more be done, but that it is a national duty to see that much more is done in this matter of increasing the number and variety of trees and flowers in our towns and cities.

Very little technical knowledge of the life-processes of plants and the conditions necessary for their welfare, is needed to show that different species differ immensely in the degrees of susceptibility to injury by means of small quantities of acid fumes, such as exist in a diluted condition in the smoke passing off from the tall chimneys of a busy manufacturing centre; nevertheless, no tree will withstand the *worst* of the conditions found in centres of industry which daily give off small quantities of chlorine, hydrochloric acid, or sulphurous acid—but then it must not be forgotten that these *worst* conditions are out of all proportion to the conditions met with in a city like London. Yet it is surprising how gallant a struggle for life is kept up by trees like the balsam poplar, the black poplar, the alder, sycamore, and some other trees, even in the worst cases referred to; it is true the conifers, such as the larch, spruce, and even pines, do not withstand such conditions with success, nor can the oak, birch, or beech maintain the struggle for long, though even these put up

with more hardships than is popularly supposed, while many grasses and small shrubs maintain quite a respectable appearance during a considerable portion of the year.

I am convinced that in many of our smaller and more open English towns at any rate many more varieties of trees will grow than have yet been tried, and in just such towns and cities, where very little is to be feared from large quantities of acid smoke and fogs, every effort ought to be made to plant some of the many beautiful North American and other foreign trees that can now be obtained, and are known to be capable of easy cultivation in such localities. Moreover, there can be no doubt that much is to be done in this direction in London and other large cities, in spite of the crowded dwellings and periodical fogs. Some judgment would have to be exercised, of course, but that is no more to be avoided in selecting trees than in selecting "local authorities" themselves.

But before I pass to the consideration of the extensive list of plants that can be drawn up for country towns, where there are no manufactures and the streets are open spaces in themselves, it is necessary to point out another and totally different set of causes for the frequent failures of town trees. There can be no doubt trees as often planted in streets and boulevards and public squares in various towns are subjected to conditions entirely opposed to their natural requirements: they are fixed when young in a hole, probably filled with good soil, and this is carefully covered in, the young tree suitably staked and protected, possibly the soil round the base of the stem covered with a grating, and the result is—failure! True, it often takes several years to attain this striking result, but its inevitableness is none the less assured. While the tree is young, and its root system is revelling in the pocket of good soil, provided with the overhead grating which ensures a supply of rain-water and air, and it may be of manure also, all goes well, and the head of foliage above is able to make the most of what sunshine there is, and to manufacture the substances which supply the wood, new buds, new roots, and possibly even flowers. But the time comes when the pocket of soil is exhausted by the roots and they put out spreading threadlike rootlets to explore the soil around; and now comes the critical period: these young rootlets are

covered with myriads of extremely fine hairs, and these delicate root-hairs are the only organs which absorb the water, containing small quantities of substances such as salts of potash, lime, nitrogen, phosphorus, &c., in solution, and they are utterly incapable of performing this work of absorption in the absence of oxygen. Now, what are the usual conditions of affairs in the streets of a town? Even supposing these new spreading rootlets have good soil around them, and soil which is porous and deep, the rule is that a practically hermetically sealed layer of flagstones or asphalt lies above them, and their only chances of obtaining oxygen and water are through the grating and soil close to the stem. No doubt the most is made of this, and the tree goes on for several years, doing better than it would if the flags or asphalt came up close to the stem. How often does it happen, however, that the new rootlets have nothing better to spread in than old brick rubbish, or barren gravel; or, far worse, a soil which is saturated with the poison from leaking gaspipes? Unfortunately, even these are not all the disadvantages with which our poor experimental tree may have to contend, for I have assumed so far that the physical condition of the soil, as soil is fairly satisfactory—want of air, or of water, or unsuitable proportions of mineral constituents, manure, or poisons, being of course matters of soil-chemistry—but the very sanitation which is so deservedly lauded from one point of view may, unfortunately, have an adverse effect on town trees, and the neighbouring sewers may be taking off as fast as they can the water from the soil round the roots. Or the case may be otherwise, and the stagnant water standing too long at the roots of the tree deprives them of the oxygen necessary for their life, and lowers the temperature beyond a minimum they could temporarily withstand. What has been stated so far is enough to show that the wonder is not that trees so often fail in the streets of our cities and large towns, but that the interminable and dreary rows of planes, elms, and limes that are planted ever come to anything at all, considering what they often have to struggle against.

But there are still other matters to be considered before we have done with this complex problem of the planting and cultivation of trees, &c., in our towns. Injuries are apt to be done to young trees

in ways some of which are unthought of in the country, and the whole question of tree-protection is opened up in new lights when we come to apply the results of experience to these aspects of arboriculture. To say nothing of the dangers due to the attention of inquisitive dogs, or the pranks of mischievous boys who cut the tender cortex or bruise it with sticks, &c., or to passing carts and other vehicles, the wheels of which crush or graze the trees which stand too near the roadway, the trees of a town have also to be protected from breakage and injuries consequent on excavations and building operations connected with the more or less necessary improvements so often recurring in towns. Such facts necessitate the consideration of several points which do not enter into the calculations of those who plant trees in the open country, in parks and forests, &c. For instance, there is danger in selecting certain kinds of trees which are apt to send out long, straggling, superficial roots running just under the pavement or road; because, as these roots thicken with increasing age, they prize up the flagstones or other pavement, and become a source of public danger as well as of damage to the thoroughfare. Not only is this the case, but such roots, bruised by the feet of passers-by, or by the wheels of vehicles, are stimulated to develop numerous adventitious buds and to throw up suckers, which of course increase the danger still more. This objection applies to some of the poplars, and to the otherwise very beautiful and suitable town tree, *Ailanthus glandulosa*, the tree called *Götterbaum* by the Germans, and extensively planted in some Continental cities, and so delightful and desirable that I would urge its planting wherever it can be grown without incurring the above drawbacks Another point that the authorities who plant town trees have to consider, in some cases at any rate, is the danger of beautiful flowering trees, such as the laburnum, magnolia, hawthorns, &c., &c., being broken by the public, and especially boys, attempting to steal the flowers or fruit; although it is unquestionably true that boys occasionally injure the horse-chestnuts, for instance, in this way, I do not believe this danger is a very real one, and experience is teaching our urban authorities more and more that the public may be trusted to protect its own property. There is some reason for believing that

this fear of trusting the inhabitants of towns with beautiful flowering trees and shrubs has been a deterrent which has deprived them of many charming ornaments to the streets and squares, but it needs little knowledge of mankind to teach that the people are soon educated in such matters.

Of course there are other difficulties, such as those connected with the danger of breakages in the winter, when snow accumulates on the larger groups of branches, and breaks them off short; or those due to the brittleness and weakness of the species of tree under consideration—some poplars, for instance—but these are dangers common to trees everywhere, and would not attain such exaggerated importance in this connection if it were not argued that a falling limb of a tree may do injury to man and beast. Well, subject to the remark that of course we should avoid very brittle trees for planting in busy towns, it may be fairly replied that the objection referred to is much on a level with that which might be urged against chimney-pots, namely, that they are occasionally blown down by the wind.

A subject of importance for immediate consideration is the pruning of town trees, and the measures to be taken when damage has been done to the tree. It sometimes appears, in small towns especially, as if the only principle which directs this matter is that anybody can prune a tree; and as for wounds, leave them alone and they will heal up by themselves. The assumption that the pruning of town trees is a simpler matter than any other similar operation in arboriculture is one of those naïve ideas that passes current by default; no one really believes it, but it is allowed to be acted upon because no one thinks about it. The treatment of wounds is another matter: most people probably have no ideas on the subject at all, and many seem to act on the assumption that there is no wound to be healed when a branch breaks from a tree. The case is really a comparatively simple one to all who understand the structure of a tree, and the elements of physiology, and it is just as true that an uncovered and untreated stump of a broken tree runs the risk of putrefaction as it is that a raw wound in the human body runs such a risk: it is true the organisms which cause the putrefaction of the tree's wound are different from those which

mortify the flesh, and that it takes them longer to penetrate and destroy the wood, &c., than their rivals occupy in developing hospital gangrene; it is also true that the details of the phenomena which result, and which may cause the death of the tree or of the man, differ in the two cases. But in principle the two cases have similarities which should not be overlooked, and no large wound on a tree should be exposed: it should be cut close, to a clean surface, and thoroughly coated with such an antiseptic as tar, and then allowed to heal, as it will do if the operation is properly performed and the tree has any reserves at all.

But I must not enter into further details on such matters in an article primarily intended to call attention to, and arouse interest in, the whole subject of trees and flowers in great cities; it is enough to have shown that many points have to be considered, and that there are many reasons why our London streets and squares, like those of many other towns in England, are provided with a show of vegetation far more meagre than the climate warrants, and that the much abused fogs and smoke are by no means the only factors which account for the paucity of flowers and green leaves, although I have not tried to rob them of their deserved notoriety. In any case, I contend that want of enterprise and originality in the selection of trees for town planting is a serious factor in the matter, and that apathetic townspeople submit too readily to be merely told that only such and such trees will grow in their particular parish.

It is universally admitted that different plants withstand the various adverse influences referred to above in different degrees, which brings me to the second part of this discussion, namely, could we not do more to beautify our towns and cities by exercising a greater range of choice as to the plants put into them? I think we could and that if more enterprise were shown in the direction of trials of various kinds, the reproach of planting nothing but planes, planes, planes, or elms, elms, elms, might be removed. Small as our experience is as to what trees will and what will not withstand the smoke and dust of a city like London, it is possible to suggest as likely plants a very large number which only need testing, and some of which would surely repay the trouble and expense; moreover, a by no means short list can be given of plants known to withstand

the London atmosphere with effect, and specimens of which can be seen in some of the old remnants of rural delights now rapidly disappearing from our monster city. According to a recent writer in the *Gardener's Chronicle*, there was, a year or two ago, a fine shrub of *Ptelea trifoliata*, a beautiful North American plant allied to the oranges and rues, flourishing in the heart of the City on the premises of the *Times* newspaper. Surely, after this we need not despair, and it behoves all those who are concerned in furnishing towns with those "lungs" so necessary for prosperity in the true sense to bestir themselves and look through the lists of likely plants.

Speaking first of trees for the squares and streets more exposed to smoke, &c., there are two points which affect their suitability: (1) their power of resisting acid gases, (2) their power of regeneration or recuperation when injured. Thus the larches and firs and their allies are so sensitive that it would be hopeless to plant them in a smoky town, where poplars and maples, in the broad sense, would do very well from their great power of regeneration as well as the resistance of their leaves. Here again, however, we have to consider more sides of the question than at first appear: some of the poplars are unsuitable, as already pointed out, because they send up suckers which do damage to roads, railings, &c., while the wood of some is so poor that high winds may bring down heavy limbs at awkward times and in dangerous places. For some of these or other reasons it is found that the oak, ash, birch, beech, and some others of our forest trees, are unsuitable for town planting; but this is no sufficient reason for flooding London with planes and planes only, as if no such trees as robinias, laburnums, and American oaks and ashes, walnuts, maples, &c., &c., existed. Moreover, there is every reason to predict success for trees as yet undreamt of as town ornaments. Let those in authority try some of the hardy magnolias—say *M. acuminata*, probably one of the best town trees—and extend their experiments to such as the robinia or "false acacia," the laburnum, the "tulip tree" (*Liriodendron*), the mulberry, fig, *Catalpa*, and the beautiful maidenhair tree (*Gingko biloba*) of Japan. The list might also include the almond, black walnut, and various species of *Sophora*, *Kölreuteria*, *Cercis*,

Gymnocladus, Acer, Rhus, Tilia, Liquidambar, &c. Some judgment would have to be exercised in the matter, of course, but probably all of the trees here mentioned would succeed if properly planted. Then there are numerous species of trees for the more open spaces, and as the suburbs are approached the list becomes longer and longer, until the difficulty becomes rather what not to plant. Among others I may mention the numerous species of *Pyrus*, some of which are very beautiful, not only on account of their forms and habits, but also from the magnificent foliage colours in autumn. As regards poplars, ashes, alders, *Pavias*, limes, *Gleditschias*, horse-chestnuts, thorns, *Spiræas*, species of *Hypericum*, *Staphylea*, *Rhamnus*, *Celastrus*, *Azalea*, *Cornus*, *Philadelphus*, and numerous others, I will simply remark that these and many more can be placed in the list of trees and shrubs fit to be planted in large towns and cities; some, of course, are more fit for our cleaner and less smoky country towns, but many would resist the evil influences of a London atmosphere if properly planted and cared for.

We have not yet exhausted the subject of town gardening, however. Much might be done by energy and care to beautify unsightly parts of towns by means of climbing plants and shrubs, and why should not something more of the kind be accomplished in our London squares? There are several varieties of *Clematis*, *Wistaria*, *Ampelopsis*, *Kerria*, and others that could be so employed, while the list of brilliant flowering climbers might include species and varieties of *Tropæolums*, *Eccremocarpus*, *Lophospermum*, *Cucumis*, *Ivy*, *Ampelopsis*, *Aristolochia*, *Jasminum*, and many others. Why, *Ampelopsis hederacea*, one of those lovely "Virginian creepers" which cover the walls they climb up with a crimson glory in autumn, will grow almost anywhere; and the beautiful *Wistarias*, with pendant racemes of scented blue flowers, will probably thrive wherever the robinia and laburnum succeed. The list might be made a very long one where gardens on the outskirts of towns are concerned, and numerous American and Asiatic wall-shrubs scarcely ever seen ought to be common in our suburbs. I am convinced this is because they are not known, and not because they will not grow there. In addition to the foregoing, species of *Chimonanthus*, *Escallonia*, *Jasminum*, and many others might be named. Then we

have numerous species of *Cratægus*, or thorns, of which the hawthorn is one, shrubs and small trees admirably adapted for gardens in the neighbourhood of large towns, and many of them very beautiful at all times. The *Amelanchier* is another desirable and hardy form. Several species of *Pyrus* ought to be common in our suburbs ; I have seen excellent specimens of the rowan *(P. aucuparia)*, and of the white beam trees *(P. aria* and *P. intermedia)* on the outskirts of Manchester, and the service tree ripens its fruit in abundance near London. There are few more magnificent spectacles in the way of autumn foliage than that of the true service tree *(Pyrus Sorbus)*, the tints of orange and crimson, shot with purple, presenting an *ensemble* of surpassing loveliness to those who delight in masses of colour. Then there are several species of *Berberis*, of which our common barberry is a type, and it cannot be generally known that *Berberis Darwinii* and *B. aquifolium* are hardy enough to grow quite in town, or we should see them oftener than we do. The same is true of many other flowering shrubs. To say nothing of the well-known and old-fashioned holly, lilac, flowering currant, broom, *Aucuba* (commonly called variegated laurel, though it is not a laurel at all), elder and rhododendron, which will grow almost anywhere in even the smokiest of towns, there are such shrubs and sub-shrubby plants as the double gorse, *Veronica Andersoni* and *V. decussata*, *Cotoneasters*, *Cydonias*, and various chrysanthemums to be remembered, in addition to those already mentioned.

Moreover, even in the heart of a town such plants as the giant *Heracleum*, Michaelmas daisies, dahlias, Oriental poppies, and numerous other plants can be got to flower profusely with a little attention. The town dweller has yet to learn how much rough usage some of our hardiest garden plants will stand, if the soil is only thoroughly dug and trenched, and a little manure put in each season. Of course the gardens at the outskirts of a town are better situated than those in the centre of business, but even the latter can be beautified by a selection from the above list and from the numerous additions to it that would be necessary to make it anything like a complete one.

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